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JULY 1912.

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No.

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*Afoot and light-
hearted I take to
the open road,*

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

*The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

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The Open Road

VOL. IX

JULY, 1912

No. 1

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

WALT WHITMAN AND HIS COMMEMORATORS.

HORACE TRAUBEL, Walt Whitman's literary executor and spiritual successor in the western world, passed the word and I dropped in to the Whitman birthday celebration at Hotel Brevoort, New York City, Friday evening, May 31.

It was a great event. Somewhat over one hundred and fifty guests: I should say, sat down to the well-appointed banquet board. There was much eating and drinking, and clinking of glasses and scratching of matches and puffing of cigars and cigarettes. Plenteous flow of wit and humor and all went merry as a marriage bell. I suppose a mar-

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riage bell is merry tho I never saw one, but it sounds good anyway.



A fine literary program had been arranged, but by the time the hungry diners had reached the proper state of repletion for appreciating the simple, sweet sanity and frugal tastes of Old Walt, it was so late that there was time for but one speaker before midnight, Dr. Geo. W. Herron, of Florence, Italy, and the intellectual feast had to be cut short.

I was much disappointed. I went expecting a feast of reason and a flow of soul in the spirit of Whitman. And I was immensely interested in seeing to what height of spiritual ecstasy, brotherhood, and beauty the celebrants would soar after two hours and a half of diligent, concentrated work at the feeding trough. But that I will never know, for while we cleaned up that festal board properly, we had to postpone our mental

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dessert and forensic demi tasse to some more convenient season.



Whatever else my Whitman comrades of Manhattan may or may not be, let none deny that they are valiant trenchermen, brave and determined at the battle of the viands.

From the pale cold clams which opened the bout to the Italian cheeses and cafe noir (Indiana subscribers please take note that this is New York for coffee without cream) not a man eke a woman faltered.

The carnage that raged up and down those long tables was indeed desperate. In vain the perspiring waiters plunging thru the thick, black pall of tobacco smoke that hung heavy over our banquet hall like the aura of a Bowery barroom—I say, in vain these intrepid and also perspiring, very perspiring huskies bombarded us with volley after volley of hot soup, cool salads, hardy de boeuf roti from Chicago, succulent spring chicken

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from the banks of the Bronx far away and the froth that dieth not from Milwaukee—we stood our grounds. And not until the last of the white-coated ones lay panting and exhausted upon the kitchen floor; not until the last stomach of the last brave trencherman had been filled and stretched and well tamped down, did we desist from the combat.



Oh! it was a glorious fray! I know that Old Walt, from his leafy niche in Elysium—Walt of the open air, friend of the rushing winds, comrade of the cool and silent stars—Walt of spare diet and abstemious habits, of clean, sweet ~~flesh~~—looked down upon us in thankfulness that our casualties were so few, in wonder that more of us did not burst, and with pride at our self-restraint—for we did leave the scenery.



The democracy of the gathering tho was

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truly remarkable. There were socialists and single taxers, democrats and Teddyites, high brows and low brows, preachers and publicans, writers and typewriters, publishers and proof readers, proletarians and bourgeoisie, saints and sinners, maids and maidens, yes, even a dash of aristocrat to garnish the whole.

Anarchy was nobly represented. Prof. Geo. W. Herron, grave, scholarly, serious, was in the midst of an impassioned peroration, when suddenly from far back in the smoky depths of the hall rang out the hoarse cry: "Hooray fer Anarchy."

Dr. Herron, startled at the interruption, hesitated, lost his balance for a second, then caught the broken threads of his discourse and again worked up to a climax of eloquence.

"Hooray fer Anarchy"—again rasped the voice from the murky shadows. This time the good Doctor flushed in anger at the in-

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sult and sat down, saying that he could not continue against such competition, and that he would only resume his speech when the disturber was quieted.

The chairman, gavel in hand, started resolutely back to the scene of the disorder.

“Hooray fer Anarchy, thash all ri’; thish free country. ’M a free man. Wal’ Whitman—comrade. ’T’ell with the Buzhwah—Hooray fer Anarchy.”

It was only Hippolyte Havel insurging against everything. They finally got him to sleep after ten minutes of riotous intermission, and Prof. Herron finished his speech.



I thot of the quiet comradely gatherings of our dear Whitman Fellowship at Chicago. Of our modest little lunches sometimes held at St. Paul’s Church, where preacher Walt Macpherson used to preside. Sometimes at a cozy secluded restaurant down town—meetings where we spent perhaps half an

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hour and a few nickels at the table merely for the sake of good fellowship, and then had our long, beautiful evenings devoted to readings from Whitman, and talks from the heart, where each and all had something to say, and then after hearty handclasps each went his way feeling that the bonds of friendship had been strengthened, ties of comradely love renewed, hope and faith in Old Walt's message of eternal life revived.

And then I thot of other Whitman anniversaries which I had spent alone in the deep woods with only Leaves of Grass and the spirit of Walt, and the songs of the birds for companionship, and I must say that I went forth from the orgy somewhat heavy hearted.

~~~~~  
O New York! You that speak with curling lips of "the provinces"—you who think everything centers at Broadway—you may be big and loud—your denizens may be able at the national game of bluffing, experts in

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the gentle art of stuffing your skins—but I wonder now, I wonder if your barbaric cousins from west of Rahway cannot after all furnish you some needed pointers, at least in the matter of observing Walt Whitman's birthday. I wonder.

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## THE SAN FRANCISCO SUNDAY CALL.

"Rational Education" is the title of a little booklet, a brochure by Bruce Calvert, which would do a great deal of good if it could be placed in the hands of all of our educators today. It is a plea for common sense, for education of the body as well as the mind, and at the same time it is a hard rap at the grammar and high school courses of today. The author believes that each individual should be given his chance, but under the present regime he is "taught" to death. From the time he is born he is "trained" at the expense of all originality. The book deserves a wide circulation. (Open Road Press, Griffith, Ind., Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, R. F. D. No. 1.)

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**You eat for pleasure and you get pain.—  
DR. ROBT. T. AISTON.**

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**HERMAN KUEHN DID NOT EXPECT  
THAT I WOULD EVER SEE THIS  
LETTER, BUT I GOT IT AND ITS  
TOO GOOD TO KEEP—SO I  
PRINT IT.—B. C.**

Dear Wagner:—

Got several good and welcome letters from you recently that I have not had time to answer, but will get around to it shortly. Just now I want to comment on your approbation of the May number of OPEN ROAD. Needless to say that I share your brotherly feeling for Bruce, and have no end of admiration for his faculty for radiating “goodwill.” In deploring, therefore, his superficial view on some phases of philosophy, I am not animated by a mere desire to find faults in his method of presenting what he frankly conceives to be the truth, the wholesome truth, tho nothing bottom of the truth. Once one has enlisted as a soldier in any “Great

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Cause'' his loyalty to that cause anchyloses his faculty for flexile intellection. No truth that does not fit the rigid rut requirements of his mission, however true, deserves his consideration. Enthusiasm is beautiful and loyalty has its charm.

And what is true of our dear Bruce is no less so of Eugene Debs, the chief contributor to the May number of that virile little magazine, *May Its Income Grow!*

All this, then, as a preface for saying that the keynote of Debs' and Calvert's contribution to that number is identical. Both rail at the fallacy of the declaration that "The Poor Ye Shall Have Always With You," attributed to Jesus on rather a notable occasion—when some of the "methodists" of his day animadverted upon the waste of ointment instead of donating to the poor whatever might be the food-equivalent of its cost. Jesus reminded them that he'd tarry with 'em but yet a little while, while the poor for

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whom they were so cussed considerate would be with them always. It was a neat bit of satire, that rejoinder. But, to my thinking, it was more than irony. It is true. That abject and degrading poverty about which 'Gene and Bruce get so wrought up is by no means the only kind of poverty there is. And what there is of that sort deserves analysis. I'm not going to dissect it just now. But I promise you that I shall not shrink from the job when it is "up to me." Poverty, in all conscience, is sufficiently degrading in the circumstances overwhelming the actual sufferers from actual want. But how much of all this deplorable poverty, due to actual want, exists as compared to the pangs engendered by Fear of poverty? I suppose I'd be charged with exaggeration to "guess" that a fraction over 99% (could the intensity of the "pangs" be mathematically gauged) would be found due to Fear and NOT to Want.

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Suppose now that this Fear could be eliminated (as indeed it can, much more easily than either Debs or Bruce are ready to believe) where, then, would be the sting of poverty? And how readily it could (and by our universal brotherhood, how effectively it would) be assuaged!

The Fear of Want eliminated how many of us, think you, would deliberately seek to acquire and accumulate goods? To what extent could the mania of owning things obsess us were we emancipated from that Fear.

When mankind attains normality we shall have the poor always with us, because they will elect to be in poverty—not poverty—"stricken," but in poverty because they will be the happier for not being burdened with the care of much possessions. And such among them as are "stricken" will be succored, and will not be or feel degraded by accepting brotherly help—nor will the helpers plume themselves because of their "gen-

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erosity," but will be so eager to shield the really needy that our dear friend Debs—may he live to that day!—may be animated by a survival of his present tendencies to entertain some dread lest the "competitive system" will play some sort of unimaginable havoc. It looks far-fetched, indeed, immersed as we are in our current worship of possession, to conceive of a state of social relationships in which there will be an active, if friendly, competition to be early with his measure of meal for the hungry, and his service for those that in anywise require it. Yet that, and that alone, is what is in the nature of things. We have become so accustomed to regarding the artificial as superior to the natural that we seldom look for the operation of the natural law of brotherness.

In normal conditions the poor will be always with us, and in the vast majority, because they prefer to be. In our present state of perversion (due entirely to the prevailing

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faith in the coercive powers to which we all lend our aid) the poor are always with us because they uphold the institutions that make their poverty fearsome and degrading. This is not to say that they knowingly contribute to their own misery. Certainly not! They don't know! There's the rub! And there's the rubbish, too, that is preached to them by those who might know, and ought to know, and think they know. Blind leaders of the blind!

There's nothing to be afraid of except of being afraid. Had we faith in the natural brotherhood of man to one-tenth the extent that we have faith in the institutions that engender fear of one another, the sting of poverty would be dispelled instantly.

To those who voluntarily choose poverty (and the reasons why sane people should and will so choose are so numerous and obvious that only the wilfully blind cannot see them) we must look at length for "the truth

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that shall make us free.” For these, making no claims upon Nature, Society, or their brothers, will be first to see the absurdity of all such claims—and will good-naturedly laugh at them. And they will teach the somber “reformer” how to indulge his first laugh, and after that it will become easy, even for him, to join in the merriment.

So to Bruce’s emphatic peroration to his editorial: “We shall NOT always have the poor with us,” I would beg him to guess again.

And Debs, preaching from the same text, assures us that “Socialism offers absolutely the only means for—etc.,” says the truth. But it is not to political Socialism we must look for this deliverance, else we shall always look in vain. The Socialism that has power to save is that implanted in us by Nature itself. Political socialism does not encourage this faith. It carries on its shoulder the chip of “the rights of the working class”

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as opposed to the chip on the shoulder of the owning class. A plague on both their houses. If I must choose between the Empire of the Rich and the Empire of the Poor, I'll choose precisely as the political socialist now does. But I have a wider scope of choice. I don't need an Empire, really. I am innocent of a chip on my shoulder. We have all of us—or the intelligent among us—merely to chuck the chip!

With love,

Herman.

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Death was once the most feared thing allotted to mankind. Men looked upon the end of life with terror because they knew not what lay beyond. Yet we are beginning to realize that Death is no more to be feared than is Life. It must come to all.—John Nicholas Bessel.

When thousands kill one, it means that the one has conquered.—Leonid Andreyev.

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## ECONOMIC TRUTHS VS. SOCIALISTIC ERRORS.

By O. M. Peterson.

**I**T IS an economic truth that **all wealth is produced by labor**; but it is a socialistic error that, because the laborers or workingmen, under our present so-called economic system, receive only a part of what they produce, therefore, "the workingmen are exploited of what they produce." See Eugene V. Debs' article: "The Children of the Poor," in THE OPEN ROAD for May.

If the workingmen or producers, as a class, owned all the means of production (capital), such as tools, implements, machinery, etc., that is, were their own capitalists or employers, they certainly would also own and receive all the products of their labor.

Why are they now "exploited" of a part of what they produce? Simply because their "exploiters" (the employers) furnish the capital, and according to the now existing

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economic law of supply and demand, can exact such a share of the product as that law permits, the demand for capital being greater than the supply, while the supply of labor is greater than the demand.

Socialism assumes that if the community, State or Nation owned and furnished the capital, there would be no more "exploitation" of the producers.

Why don't the producers now own the wealth (of which capital is the part used in the production of more wealth) which has been produced by labor in past years? Simply because they and their forefathers have permitted others to "exploit" them; or, to state it more correctly: because they did not have the ability to **save** a part of the product of their labor and thus accumulate wealth or capital.

Under Socialism, the producers would, just as under present conditions, receive only a part of what they produce; the larger part

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would go to the maintenance of the whole community, just as at present less than one-tenth of the product of labor is added to the wealth of the community annually, while more than nine-tenths of the products are required for the support of the population—or wasted. And the workers would be “exploited” by the non-producers just as now, although not perhaps to the same extent, as long as men are permitted to reap without sowing—as long as men are permitted to sell their birthright (labor and its fruit) for “a mess of pottage”—in other words: to barter away a part of their earnings.

There was a time when men were permitted to sell themselves into slavery—chattel slavery. Men are still permitted (and often compelled, if they want to live) to sell themselves into wage slavery.

Socialism, as now advocated by “blind leaders of the blind,” does not point any way by which non-producers, or rather those

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who render no service whatever to society, may be prevented from reaping where they do not sow or from despoiling the producers of a part of their earnings. There is no way of preventing this as long as service is measured by money and bought and sold as a commodity according to the law of supply and demand.

Those who have thought deepest on this subject, have come to the conclusion that money is indeed the root of all economic evils and that the only way of doing away with the economic evils now complained of, is to do away with money as means of exchange, and substitute **service** in its stead.

At first glance almost every one who has not given the subject any serious thought, will consider this proposition not only as visionary, but even as absurd. Yet this proposition is based on the soundest of principle.

All will agree that all human beings require substantially the same amount of the

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gifts of nature for the support of life and well-being—substantially the same amount of air, water, food, clothing and shelter. Whatever one uses above the average amount of these things or some of these things, conduces to his destruction—either physical, intellectual, moral or spiritual, or all of these combined. Now, bearing this fundamental principle in mind, why should any one receive as compensation for his services to society, whether physical labor or intellectual work, more than any one else? Isn't the hod carrier's or farm laborer's services as valuable and indispensable to society as the artist's, teacher's, engineer's, or the services of any other class? Simply because the supply of one kind of service is greater than the supply of some other kind of service, is that any reason why the law of supply and demand—applicable only under the competitive system—should be applied under an

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economic system based on the principle of **Equality**.

Let us work for **Brotherhood** first of all, rather than seek to engender class hatred by arousing one class against another. **Fraternity** first, and equality and liberty will follow. Without Brotherhood liberty and equality are mere empty words. So, let us **work** for **FRATERNITY, Equality** and Liberty, instead of merely **prating** about liberty and stop at that.

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## THE FLAMING SWORD.

The author of "Rational Education," Bruce Calvert, gives as his fundamental thought, the statement that "the rational school will be organized to preserve the intellectual freedom of the child." "No teacher should have more than six to ten pupils in his charge." He considers the Booker Washington school at Tuskegee an approach to his ideal, on the physical and industrial side, "but it is an orthodox institution, in the dark ages, spiritually." "Until woman's intuition is married to man's intellect, we shall grope in

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darkness." He believes "that every child born under natural (?) conditions and not interfered with by unwise methods is also a genius."

One more quotation will show that while he is an evolutionist of the school of Darwin, et al., he is not blind to their limitations. "Just now," he says, "physical science seems again to have reached a dead wall. It has used all its terms, reached the limit of its equation, exhausted all of its paraphernalia, and must shift its ground, learn to think in different terms before it can proceed much further."

While he has some excellent ideas, which in the main agree with the Koreshan University System, we know as Koreshans that the needed remedy is not in the attack upon one defect, but that education will stand or fall with the social, economic, and religious, as well as scientific truth. That he knows nothing of Koreshan Science is self-evident, and we could wish that he might benefit by an application of his evidently thoughtful and aspiring mind to its study. Published at Griffith, Lake Co., Ind.

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**It's all right to have a past if you convert it into a future.**

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### LIFE'S RIDDLE.

We lift the veil of gathered years  
And strive to read the answer there.  
Our inward self intently peers  
At those old secrets now laid bare.  
Since time began its endless round  
The one great call on him who thinks,—  
He must unto himself propound  
The tragic riddle of the Sphinx.

In time's great crypt are gone to dust  
Prophet and poet, priest and sage;  
Each lived his life in fondest trust  
That his the rule for every age.  
But still the riddle comes to all  
Whence came you here,—where go you hence,  
What will you do of great or small  
Before your soul is hurried thence?

Each finds the answer, so he hopes,  
Which will his neighbor rightly lead,  
His neighbor, who so blindly gropes  
And does not see his greatest need.  
But few can see that strength must come  
From effort made by self alone,  
All cannot be redeemed by some,  
Each must for his own sin atone.

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There is no Sphinx, each holds within  
His inmost soul the answer grim,  
What life is now, or might have been,  
Had fate more kindly dealt with him?  
And he is wise who answer makes  
By living true to his own light,  
Each morn his burden freshly takes,  
And lays it down at fall of night.

H. C. T.

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## CONFESSION OF A SALESMAN.

On the Road, March 27, 1912.

My Dear Calvert:

Just read your article on Scientific Salesmanship. I have been a traveling salesman over twenty years and when I think of the lost motion, the awful waste, I'm frightened at the price that society will have to pay when she finally rights herself.

The lost time waiting around doing nothing, the cringing and fawning on pudding headed buyers, the four or five men competing with each other, selling practically the

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same goods, the hatred, jealousy, dislike, tricks, lies engendered, the awful expense, for traveling men demand and get big pay, good food, fine clothes, etc., (as compared with the workers). Some one must pay for it. The absurdity of it all—big husky 200-pound men selling garters! corsets! neckties! stockings! Bah! it makes me sick. A profession of salesmanship! Rubbish, if people want things they get them dam quick! And the worst of it is the traveling man has been waited on, kow-kowed to, praised so much that he is usually an inflated ass.

I have tried hundreds of them and they can converse on few topics except business in its narrowest sense, or gamboge stories. Mention Wm. Morris's name, for instance, and they'll want to know if he kept a hotel in Phila.!

But the tragedy of it all is that we are all so bound up and interwoven with the present system, that when the change comes,

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as it will, you'll find the salesman will fight to the last ditch to hold on to the present fool methods of making a stupid and fool living, instead of being one of the first to try and change it for our own good and the good of humanity. But we have a holy terror of real hard work. Anyhow, I send you greeting for I think you must be a good old scout.

EDW. HAYES.

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## **THE OPEN ROAD.**

How far seems the turmoil of traffic's tide, how remote the city's teeming multitudes and busy marts, to the carefree traveler along the Open Road. For him no hideous man-made noises are marring the quietude of nature with their jarring discords. The winds blow cool and clean from the meadows, fields and woods. While the only sounds are the sweet, clear notes of the meadow larks, the drumming of the red-

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head woodpeckers, or the soothing clamor of distant crows from the woods that skirt the haze-hung hills.

And through it all the Open Road, winding peacefully along and leading the traveler to a mystic spring that flows with a priceless nectar, called Happiness.

GEORGE B. STAFF

Franklin, Indiana.

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The truest teaching is living; and the primary philanthropy is to live a good life.—  
Edward Howard Griggs.

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There is enough good in even the worst man to reform the world.—Lincoln Steffens.

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Hell is just a small coin that God gives to wise men with which to buy Heaven.—  
Thomas Dreier.

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It is because of hunger that we love food.  
—Thomas Dreier.

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**SELECTED THOUGHTS.**

**F. G. Holcomb.**

We come into this world like a mushroom, we have no choice, our desires are not consulted, we live, and fight to live, have few pleasures, and pass out into the unknown darkness.

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If you hear evil, do not repeat it, for that is like giving water to the bulb beneath the soil; and we cannot tell what the growth will be.

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Friendship, in its purity, is long suffering—it proclaimeth not itself—nor is it easily put down. It shuts its eyes to all faults, and its heart to all faultfinders, and with open arms extends a greeting of true comradeship. Pure friendship is very rare; it is like the little flower that grows among the tall weeds. Many search the world without finding it,

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while it is at their feet unrecognized, uncared for.

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Hell is the littleness of our own natures and it follows us, lives with us, and is our curse in all things.

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Tho we have many friends, yet there is a supreme isolation of the soul. We meet, talk and pass on. What does speech matter? Tho we be fast friends, you know no more of me than I choose to give you, nor I of you.

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What comes hard, is what we never forget.

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Live only today, one step at a time. Tomorrow has not yet dawned.

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This world is like a neglected garden—full of weeds. All the sorrows and crimes are due to weeds in the heart. There are

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a few gardeners trying to prune, and dig, and plant. All the beauty and joy in the world are the result of work—work for each other and in ourselves. A tree cannot bear fruit without effort.

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Anger, worry, jealousy and hate poison the blood and are the causes of all sickness.

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We would have no fear of death if we were at peace with ourselves.

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Thoughts are Life.

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Some men spend too much time being busy.—John Nicholas Bessel.

Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance.—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Friendship is one soul in two bodies.—Diogenes.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—Dr. Johnson.

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### IRON TRUTHS.

By Will Levington Comfort.

Too many of us are lashed to the mast of tradition. We fear to attempt the new because we are afraid to abandon the old. We bend the knee to the same gods to which our ancestors knelt. We vote as our fathers voted. Men say, "If that party was good enough for my father to vote for, it is good enough for me." They forget that times are changing. Each day finds the face of the world transformed.

A passionate woman, happily married, is of all earth's creatures, the most natural monogamist.

Beware of the man who discusses often and broods much upon his spiritual growth when he fails to make his wife happy.

Women don't want votes, public office, nor first-hand dollars. They want men!

# The Open Road

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AUGUST, 1912

No. 2

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Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

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## NEWYORKITIS.

**I** DO not like New York City. It depresses me. It also angers me—disturbs my mental poise, clouds my aura as it were.

New Yorkers gyrate daily in a giddy whirling Dervish dance which they mistake for life. It is not life at all. It is a madness, an obsession. In truth I see about as little of what I would call real life here in this crazy rabble as could likely be found anywhere in America.



Manhattan is a nightmare, a phantasmagoria. It's a devil's discord and its keynote is noise. That's the first impression you get when you set foot on the Island.

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You live daily and nightly in a babel of never ceasing din while you remain, and the last impression you carry away with you is that sense of noise, brutal, unmeaning savage noise.



In Gotham's streets is no safety or comfort. You literally take your life in your hands every time you go out. Getting about from place to place is one thrilling chapter of hairbreadth escapes, dodging, pushing, leaping, close shaves with death. People afoot, of whom there are some three or four million, more or less, have no rights at all, no consideration whatever upon the streets. A quiet leisurely walk anywhere about New York, outside the cemeteries, is an impossible achievement. To relax your vigilance for a moment, to let down from that grim tension under which all New Yorkers constantly exist would be to court instant death

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from auto trucks, busses, wagons, or street cars.



No driver of any vehicle ever thinks for a second of pulling up for a pedestrian. They drive at breakneck speed over crossings and around corners without the slightest consideration for those in danger of life and limb. Up and down Fifth Avenue and Broadway pours day and night a never-ending stream of traffic. You stand on the corner watching minute after minute for a break in that solid wall of moving things so you can dash across. Your car may be in six feet of you and your time limited to seconds. But you might as well be on top of the Metropolitan tower for all chance there is of getting that car. Between the curb and the car tracks autos are rushing one after another. They will not slow up even the slightest for the impatient crowds on the pavement. Car after car passes you. There

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you are marooned on the curb stone. You must take your chance at dodging death or forever wait.

The New Yorker's progress thru his beloved bedlam is but a series of rushings and dodgings in and out, around and across, with sudden death or injury always at his elbow. I wonder they don't kill a million people a year on the streets. As it is the toll of human life daily, must be heavy.



Is it strange that people living in such turmoil all the time develop that nervous disease called NewYorkitis?

At their playgrounds New Yorkers are seen in all their unvarnished savagery. Coney Island is the most popular pleasure resort of the city's millions judging by the crowds that infest its hideous purlieus.

At Coney, the citizen who doesn't get enough racket thru the week revels in his

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noisy perdition on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Here there are not sufficient car lines, devil wagons and elevated trains to create the proper atmosphere of disturbance, so the Manhattan villager resorts to all sorts of ingenious devices for producing an artificial bedlam.

Steam music boxes scream into the tortured air; eternally and hideously grinding merry-go-rounds make the day and the night horrible; leather lunged and brass throated spielers each equipped with some patent noise producer splinter the peaceful ocean silence with their uproar; shooting galleries, brassy bands, bells, megaphones, and fog-horns add to the din.



And Coney's attractions! The New Yorker is surely a simple creature demanding the crudest amusements. They speak disdainfully of "the provinces" and refer in supercilious tones to the Rube and his guileless

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antics at the county fairs, with its fakirs, shell men, fortune wheels, etc. But here at Coney is a double-decked, three-ring county fair in full blast upon a scale never dreamed of by the innocent granger, maintained exclusively and expressly for the delectation of the neurotic New Yorker.



And what appetites the merry throngs have! Judging by the miles of comestibles strung out upon endless sidewalk bazaars the New Yorker has a boa constrictor stomach that balks at nothing, being about as crazy in his digestive apparatus as in his head. Such frightful concoctions as are swallowed there daily! I am told that New Yorkers eat enough "hot dogs" here every day to stretch twice around the earth at its biggest waist line.



It won't do to assert that these diversions are conducted for "the provincials." Now

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and then a Rube, like myself, may stroll in to observe the city man in his native lair, but the crowds who day after day and night after night feed this gigantic circus are from New York and Brooklyn.



In its relaxations a people reveals its true nature even more than in its business. In its daily work it has the excuse of necessity perhaps, but no such reason can be offered in defense of its play. Here it is free to choose. Business necessity does not rule. Coney Island could be clean and decent if New Yorkers wanted it so. But it has all its garish vulgarity, blatant brutality and vice just because they want that and nothing else. Such things could not thrive here unless they paid.



And the Coney Island Bowery—what shall I say of that! Where shall I find new adjectives to describe it! I have nothing left adequately to portray the repulsiveness of that

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hideous hell's half mile of dives where lurks every form of rampant vice. Loud-mouthed barkers and cappers bawl at you as you pass. Painted brazen creatures leer at you and openly beckon from behind tawdry curtains in dirty doorways, or elbow you in the narrow crowded alleys—creatures in woman form but with about every other human attribute lost save only the instinct of sex, and that debased far below the level of any brutes we know of. Poor things. I could not return their banter, nor even harshly reject their pitiable overtures—my heart was too full of pain and pity for them—I could only pass silently on my way from among them.

And the dance halls—training schools for crime where young and foolish girls are taught the first easy steps toward the brothel, flourish without any kind of supervision or espionage. Here the indecent Turkey-trot and Bunny-hug dances in all their lu-

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pine lewdness play eternal havoc with young and innocent lives.

Well, all this is necessary, I suppose, for the New Yorker's jaded appetite. He lives in such a superstimulated atmosphere that the ordinary sweet and harmless pleasures of life pall upon him. He is neurotic, likewise erotic, and he constantly resorts to every artifice for keeping his carnal nature stirred up.



Yes, it's an awful price that civilization exacts, and dear comrades, the misery of it all is that it is our women and girls, our sisters and daughters, who pay the price. The burden falls upon the tender flesh and frail bodies of those least able to bear it.



The sanest and cleanest thing I saw at Coney was the Municipal Bath House—opened at the close of last season. This is a splendidly equipped, beautiful building of

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rough concrete, 60 feet wide and 400 feet long, with three floors. The first floor is divided between men and women. The second floor is for women only, and the third floor for men only.

There are 1,301 rooms for women, and 5,534 lockers, for men. The women have each a whole room to change their clothing in. The men's rooms are made with six lockers in each room. But in giving out keys the attendants so manage that as a rule but one man will be in the room at a time. They claim to be able to handle twenty thousand bathers in a day. The building cost \$167,000.00. The sanitation seems to be well nigh perfect. The floors are all concrete which can be flooded daily. The rooms are all of metal and they are gone over every day with disinfectants to maintain absolute purity and cleanliness. Shower baths, clean toilet rooms, and wringers for wet suits add to the comfort and pleasure. Here for ten

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cents you can have a room and a romp with old Neptune that soothes the nerves and sets the blood a-tingling. I can testify to the enjoyment that ten cents will yield, and I am indebted to the City of New York for many invigorating dips in the briny. From the courteous superintendent, Mr. John Santman down thru all the seventy-five attendants and sturdy brown-limbed life-guards the spirit of service to the people prevails.



But in New York City's unquiet and irrational life, the most serious menace is the effect it has upon the children—upon the coming generation. Children brought up in the midst of such turmoil, nourished upon such neurotic spiritual food must suffer for it. The deeps of soul are developed in quiet. Noise, everlasting noise, hurry, bustle, tension, must, it seems to me, tend to ruin that fine nervous balance, that delicate spiritual

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poise upon which the growth of strong character depends.

The city born generation to come will, I fear, be lacking in spiritual power and soul depth. Shallowness, superficiality, moral and physical weakness will likely mark them. There being no great, strong, fundamental framework, or backbone to build upon, the moral status must be low.

It is not difficult to see some indications of what may be expected. I began this story at Coney Island. I am finishing it in Central Park. Near where I now sit writing are two children, a boy and a girl. They are both furtively plucking the forbidden flowers from a bush in bloom. As they gather them these two little vandals—future citizens of Greater New York—are thrusting the blossoms inside their blouse waists, meanwhile watching me with suspicious little eyes to see if I am thinking of betraying them to the guards.

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And this is but typical of the spirit that is fast permeating the whole fabric of New York society from the lowest to the highest ranks. Everywhere the greedy clutch for material things. The lust of possession.



Over all is the taint of money. It poisons everything. All values seem expressible only in terms of cash. I doubt if the New Yorker realizes his own degeneracy.

Does a lady appear with a lovely necklace, the comment is not upon the beauty of the sapphires matching the heavenly blue of her eyes, but—"that necklace cost at least two hundred thousand dollars at Tiffany's."



Does a sweet girl burst upon us in dainty midi blouse and skirt suit, setting off the exquisite modeling of her throat and neck, and the lovely curves of her rounded arms—it is—not—"what a vision radiating the glow

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of youth and health," but, "that suit cost \$1.98 at Greenhut, Sigel & Co.'s."

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Is this a sane society upon which a future great nation can be predicated? I don't think so. I fancy that the cities with all their nerve racking, impossible conditions will have to disappear, giving way to a saner mode of living. At least if men must transact business in such crowded quarters—children must not be born and reared amid such an environment. The child is entitled to the best that civilization can give him. Let him begin his life and get his foundation laid where there is fresh air, and flowers and birds and grass and room for soul expansion.

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All the follies and shams of the world are seen through the editorial and reportorial rooms, from day to day, and I only wonder that journalists can believe anything.—Talmage.

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### PAN PAPERS.

(Author of Routledge Rides Alone.)

### MAGAZINE MAKERS.

**T**HE race of American writers is mad to be clever instead of true—a race of editorialists, whose cry is, “What-shall-I-write-about-today?” Its mind is filled with undigest-matter; its product has to do with the surface and the obvious; its viewpoint is that of its publication; it has the counterfeit sense of authority which comes from constantly being printed. Here is race of reflectors; not generators—a race of moons, not suns; shining with another’s light, when it might be incandescent.

A man’s brain comprehends; his mind realizes. The mind is infinitely wiser than its instrument, the brain. All great work comes from the mind. \* \* \* When a truth is realized, it is ours—just as if we had spent years of bruising experience, as

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boys do, to learn the difference between good and bad. If a man merely comprehends a thing with the brain—something that another has said or written—and then ventures to utter it, though the words be distorted, the other's hall-mark is upon it still. If a thought is realized, it is home to stay in its larger relation. Its utterance becomes a mind-product. Though it has been said a thousand times, the sanction of a fresh individuality is upon it—and those who listen, comprehend the latest utterance.

America today does not wait for its deeper mind to prompt its utterances, but hastens to give forth any foreign thing that falls upon the brain-surface. The consequence is moonshine, not sunlight.

America plucks everything green, opinionates on the wing, makes personal capital out of another's offering, refusing to wait for the fineness of impersonal judgment. Everywhere is the incapacity to say, "I

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don't know.' Everywhere is the flatulence of fishes, that, knowing water, disclaim the possibility of air. There is no fresh, rested surface, untainted by preconception—no impersonality. There is no waiting for fullness, but everywhere brains are worn thin bandying about what drops upon them.

\* \* \* No man has the right to settle the conduct of various human affairs day after day. One who attempts this becomes a mere monotonous voice. How rarely does a man grow long enough to realize that if he waited until he was full and finished, he would have to give forth—and not drive himself daily to the task.

The popular magazine editor is at the center of this evil condition. This tremendous toiler is flat against the horizon of insincerity. He is pointed out to you in New York, probably with a flourish—"one of our ten-thousand a year periodical-makers." \* \* \* "What makes him worth that?" you ask.

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\* \* \* "He knows what the people wants," is the reply.

His periodical sells to the great number. He is a brilliant man, and his art lies in knowing what the great number wants. Being wiser and of finer discernment than those who buy his product, he debases his taste to make his organs relish the coarser article. That's the first evil—prostituting himself. \* \* \* Now, a people glutted with what it wants is a stagnant people. Its only hope is for the wiser minds to lead on to higher ways. In refusing, the editor wrongs the public—the second evil. Again, in blunting his own sensibilities and catering to the common, the editor stands between the public and real creative energy. He and the public are one. A prostituted taste and stagnant popular mind are alike repelled by reality. Rousing creative caliber glances from each. So the editor's third evil is the busheling and harrying of genius. There

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he stands, forcing genius to be common to appear. Genius writhes a bit, starves a bit, but the terrible needs of this complicated life have him by the throat until he cries "Enough!" and presently is common, indeed.

The real writer must wait, and through roundabout ways of incredible length and suffering, must circumvent this system, by bringing his own public with his wares— a public great enough to have heard his voice crying in the wilderness.

This is not the achievement of the clerk nor the caterer. It is not the stuff that goes into the writing game for the money there is in it. It is the achievement of a man who has kept his ideals in an age which desecrates, lashes and flings itself against every purity. Here is a man who does not belong to a profession, but who is servant of the privilege of expressing himself. He has learned that the literary art is founded upon

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large flexible ideals of service into which every dimension of life falls according to the reader's vision.

The first element of a great writer's culture is a marvelously developed sense of self-criticism. He hears first the discord in his great range of tone. This culture comes from a life of lifting ideals. It needs no editor, and makes no adjustment to market. It has never descended to routine commonness nor given quarter for an instant to the devil of facility. \* \* \* When you read such a writer—any page of his—you know that he is not a player but a striver; that his effort does not consider money nor literary laurels, but his sense first is of service. He has the spirit of work.

There is a higher gospel than the gospel of beauty—the gospel of service. Keats is read by the uninformed, and loved by makers of poetry, but mature discernment has placed him back among the poets of adoles-

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cence, not great enough to overcome his sensuousness, and has risen to profit by Browning's sense and lifting spirit.

There is nothing worth reading or regarding or listening to in the world of finer expression that has not the visioning quality of the spirit. The artist must be evolving through spirit, before his book or painting or symphony can live. All the rest of his work is a mere squabbling over the letter of past prophecy—as did the Jews with the living Christ in their streets.

### THE LIBRARY SHELF.

**Herself**—Cloth, 208 pages \$1.10 by mail.

**Confidences**—The Boy, 94 pages, \$0.55 by mail.

**Truths**—The Girl, 94 pages, \$0.55 by mail.

By Edith B. Lowry, M. D. Forbes Co., Chicago.

"Herself," "The Boy," "The Girl," are three rare books penned by E. B. Lowry, M. D. We might call them the psychological sex trio, for there is no literature today so necessary as that which relates to the awakening of life in the boy or girl.

The time has arrived when parents, doctors

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and teachers cannot evade the subject any longer. The author proves, thru bitter experiences, that we must not neglect the vital issue which confronts us, namely, the knowledge of sex. To bring this matter before the child in a beautiful manner, she gives the story of life as revealed to us thru the plant world. Then she shows how closely man is related to it and obeys the same universal law. Before she has finished one realizes that as long as we live within the law, we become masters of the physical, and happiness with life abundant is our inheritance.

There is a vein of sincerity thruout the books, showing that Dr. Lowry felt keenly the needs of her sex and therefore dedicated herself to them. The diction in these books is lucid and well adapted to the child mind.

If I have any adverse criticism to offer, it would be in the separating of the subject matter into the book for "The Girl" and the book for "The Boy." The one intended for the girl, I should put into the boy's hands and vice versa. If the family group is the culmination of all life then there is nothing to hide from one member of it any more than to another.

I would like to see these books used as text

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books in the homes or schools, and studied under the guidance of any adult, whose actions exemplify the beautiful expressions of which man is capable.

"Herself" should be put into the hands of every woman. It is pathetic how little our mothers know about the conservation of human energy.

No one fortified with the knowledge as given in the "psychological trio" need ever go astray along the sex road, for he has the weapon with which to win life's battles.

J. O. J.

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**Echoes and Prophecies—By V. D. Hyde-Vogl. Cloth, 8vo. 193 pp. \$1.00 net. Ariel Press, Westwood, Mass.**

From the foreword, "Dramatic sparks, struck from the Anvil of the Times by the Hammer of the Spirit," one would expect a cross-section of life, pulsating with red corpuscles. Disappointment greets you on every page. The book is **aenemic**. Lifeless forms move across the pages, fulfilling the commonplace mission of expressing situations pregnant with meaning, in a commonplace way.

In the first play, "Love and Lovers," not one of the characters is great enough for the title. If

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Ibsen's button-moulder had happened along, he would have cast them all into the Melting Pot, fulfilling a natural law of economy.

The play seems to be an attempted elucidation of Reedy's pointed remark, "It is sex o'clock," but the play leads you nowhere, not back nor forward. Virginia Campion is at last, as at first, a pale anemic, clinging being, the puppet of those about her. The logic throughout is startling. Perrault deserts Virginia in the critical period of her life so he may become worthy of her. Rabbi Nazimova says, "You are more uncontrolled as Woman ever is,"—and Perrault, "You are so good, yet so weak." Virginia arrived at "Freedom," says faintly, "Am I a free woman?" and lets Perrault decide for her.

In the same volume, "In Ye Olde Colonie," a picture of Cotton Mather's Witchcraft days, we find energy, if it is misdirected, the unspeakable piety of Witchcraft days.

Rella Ritchel.

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**Self Investment—By Orison Swett Marden. 315 pp.**

**Price \$1.00. T. Y. Crowell Co., New York City, N. Y.**

How fortunate for the boy or girl graduate if a copy of this book could be put into his or her

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hands. How infinitely more profitable than memorizing rules in mathematics and grammar would be a careful reading and earnest determination to follow the helpful suggestions given in this book. In true optimistic fashion Dr. Marden tells the road to success by self culture and character building.

This author is a sort of masculine Elizabeth with that cheerful damnable optimism which makes faces at fate and flicks its tongue at misfortune.

A. C. G.

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## **THE CRAWL DIRECT.**

Some time ago one of the Indianapolis papers swiped from the Open Road, with undue credit, a so-called interview with Virginia Brooks. I don't know which paper it was, and wouldn't advertise it if I did; it was a rotten piece of work at best. The only reason I mention it here is because the paper said my write-up was over-enthused, which was true, and handed out a near-humorous line of poof that sounded like the usual police cub work. It wouldn't be

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worth while wasting space to prove that the paper was in the wrong, but I'm quite willing to show where I was wrong. And the best way to prove you **are** right is to show that you **were** wrong. Here's a clipping Bruce just sent me, in re Miss Brooks' election to presidency of the Board of Education at West Hammond.

Julius Lessner, one of Miss Brooks' opponents, was thrown into a stream of muddy water by the friends of the reformer when he suggested that the voters give their support to Constance Kobascka. Two other men were worsted in fights at the polls when they opposed Miss Brooks.

There is nothing wrong in fighting at the polls; if there were no dissension over an election it would be a bad sign. There is nothing wrong in throwing a lady's opponents into muddy water; if there were no spirit of chivalry in the world it would be a bad sign. The incongruous and amazing thing is that a reformer should have friends, friends enough to win.

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The value of reform is that it never wins. It merely reforms. Socialists will never give Socialism to the world; first, the world will give Socialism to the Socialists. No reform movement ever gets what it asks for in the way it is asked for; it usually obtains its end before it knows what is happening. What a terrible thing it would be for the Suffragettes or the Socialists if the world gave them suffrage or Socialism out of hand! The bottom would drop out of their universe; they would have nothing to fight for, with a healthy opposition removed. The Suffragettes helped the cause tremendously by smashing windows, because they made its success very remote indeed.

Miss Brooks has won. West Hammond is (apparently) in full possession of liberty, life, and the pursuit of happiness. The head of the reform party is the president of the Board of Education. But consider! Reformers must reform. It is hard to get the

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reform bacilli out of the blood. What has West Hammond got left to reform? Having reformed everyone else, will the reformers turn about and reform themselves?

That remains to be seen. Do not imagine that I have recanted from my original opinion. I have merely recanted from my original idea. Her real work does not lie in the politics she has chosen latterly, it lies in the uplifting work she chose primarily. Following the usual custom, the Indianapolis **Poof** and other papers have neglected the more important work for the less important. They have expatiated on the privately and publicly useless political work and have overlooked the privately and publicly useful settlement work. A "graft crusade" is of no value; a thing done in force must be undone in patience. Christ took a whip to the Temple grafters, but he burst into tears afterward.

Now, Miss Brooks glimmered the right

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idea when she started that settlement we spoke of a couple of months ago. That demanded patience, slow evolution, gradual uplift for all concerned. A fight at the polls demands nothing, except friends. And the friends of every reform movement usually become its bitterest enemies upon its success.

The whole Teutonic literature is centered about this one truth, that the success of victory is often little, while the success of defeat is often tremendous. This truth lay behind the legends of Beowulf, Siegfried, Arthur, Baldur, and the rest. By her death Jeanne d'Arc completed the freeing of France. By his exile Victor Hugo became great. It may be that West Hammond will prove the exception. I hope so!

A really humorous thing in that **Poof** swipe was this. I said "If you never ruined a woman and never uplifted a man, you ought to come to Chicago." As the **Poof** cub did not have the necessary genius to

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alter it decently, he altered it indecently thus: "If you never scuttled a ship and never uplifted a man, etc." But that may be merely Indianapolis humor. What fools these mortals be! Poor **Poof**!

Still, the **Poof** was ultimately right. I thought the political Miss Brooks had evolved into the social worker. I find the social working Miss Brooks has devolved into the political again. By all accounts the reformers have totally crushed all opposition. But how on earth can anything grow except by making an opposition to fight with?

And, please, let us have no more piffle from the **Poof**. H. Bedford-Jones.

### I CAMP WITH CHRIST.

Christ camps without. Within are churchly  
creeds  
Content with words while slum-ward Childhood  
bleeds  
And starves, and stunts, and dies . . . Christ  
calls for deeds.

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Christ camps without—for aye and aye without,—

And campfires friendly with Doubt  
That makes itself for human service stout.

Christ camps—and I—encumbered not with gold  
Nor hatred; harboring harlots sold  
Last night because thy costly church was cold;

Was cold and dark; tight-locked 'gainst Christ  
abroad

On frozen pavements, shoeless. Call him **Lord**  
And snuggle warm beside thy whited hoard!

Christ camps—and I—because the love he gave  
Leaves gaping wide the common pauper grave . . .  
Wider today than when he died to save.

Christ camps—and I—and daily must we die  
Till man to man in brotherhood draws nigh.  
How long, O Lord? . . . Greed laughs its shrewd  
reply.

Greed's house behold, with spire and belfry deckt;  
And carved on step and door and lintel  
"Sect" . . .

And Christ knocked not:—afar his steps deflect

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To camp, next instant, where the Greed-shapet  
stones

Pierce feet and form of children no one owns....

Behold thy buttressed house whose Greed be-  
moans

A Christus long since dead—laughing the while

That to its altars thus can It beguile

Scared worshipers, and leave the Nation vile.

Thy throat, Humanity, must haste some note

Quite otherwise than these, thy prayers, denote,

To saving soul of Self,—intoned by rote.

Christ camps without,—the wilderness between,—

Yet comprehends what secretly ye mean:

**To heap, to heap while others reap and glean.**

Christ camps without . . . a world away from  
Greed:

A world away from souls that intercede

For "Self-salvation" while these others need.

—Edwin Brenholtz.

Copied for my loving comrade, Bruce Calvert,  
April 14th, 1912.—Brenholtz.

# The Open Road

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Vol. IX      SEPTEMBER, 1912.      No. 3

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Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

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## CHARLES AUSTIN NEEDHAM—THE MYSTIC PAINTER.

It is a far cry from the spirit of noisy, crowded East 23rd Street, New York City, to the quiet, secluded studio of Charles Austin Needham, painter and sculptor, in that populous thoroughfare. Not a hundred feet back from the restless, throbbing human tide outside, at the termination of a long, dark corridor, you come upon a low doorway, where the subdued light playing through weird figures in stained glass fore-shadows the character of the studio and the pictures within.

You are welcomed by the painter himself, a gentle modest man, who evidently does not believe in proclaiming his profession by the

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regulation velvet jacket, loose tie, and long hair. Indeed, as you look at him you wonder how he manages to conceal so much of the artist from his appearance. But touch upon a favorite theme, pick out a particular dash of color, or a telling accent in a pet picture, and at once his kindly sensitive face lights up and glows with that enthusiasm which reveals the true artist.

Immediately you are made to feel at home, and forth from the dark corners of this curious workshop begin to come the treasures of the painter's brush. As you study canvas after canvas, you have not the feeling of "doing" an art gallery. Rather you are listening to some strange, beautiful music whose rare harmonies you try to recall from half-buried musical impressions. For these pictures breathe out music, they **are** music. Needham expresses in painting what Debussy says in music, what Maeterlinck stands for in literature.

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In the presence of such work you leave sordid realism behind you, you are lifted above the commonplace, you are now in the world of the ideal, a world of dreams. You enjoy the delicious sensation of being in fairy land. You would not be a bit astonished to hear a dryad in one of Needham's trees demanding her freedom of you, nor think it strange to find a watery nymph luring you down to the cool depths of the painter's enchanted rivers or the dark caverns of his fathomless seas.

In the landscapes of other painters we see a tree, a road, a brook, waving grasses, a beautiful sunset, but in Needham's mystic canvases we meet the soul of the tree, the brook, the waterfall. We are confronted not with things, but with the spirit of things, and we understand. In the luscious beauty of his colors, in the delicate traceries of some woodland nook, in the graceful, half-veiled figure emerging from the silences, we

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feel a poem, a song, a longing of the soul interpreted for us. Strange, undefinable yearnings surge within us, the heart leaps with new aspirations, and in the half lights of that mystic border land between the real and the unreal, we find ourselves groping for the things that point to white eternity.

People do not speak of Needham's pictures in terms of money. This is well—for how can a price be put upon the pale mist at dawn, upon shimmering moonbeams, or dark shadows in mysterious woods? Is it possible to pay with cold coin for "The Spirit of Storm," "October Winds," "Following Meadows," or "A Place of Song?"

Needham's titles for his works are as fantastic and poetic as the compositions themselves. One of the most remarkable pieces he has done he calls "The Scarlet Tanager." A phantom woodland, shadow trees faintly limned against a darkening sky, a wraith-like figure akin to the trees, the picture

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shrouded in a tender blue, with a speck of crimson accentuating the air of mystery over the whole. That is all. Nature in an enraptured mood. That figure in the foreground may not conform to any anatomical scale. Surely no trees ever looked like these, says your realist. Maybe not. But the response they evoke from you is that which Nature at her loveliest calls forth. Infinite possibilities lurk in every shadow. In every accent is a world of meaning.

Though perhaps water color is his medium, one of the strongest of Needham's paintings is an oil, entitled "The Dawn." It is the prodigal son, squatting against the sty in all the squalor and misery of his degradation. His whole figure, done in clod-like blotches of paint, his brutal expression, betray his close association with the swine. But off yonder in the sky a light breaks through the clouds, hope gleams and the beast becomes a man! The dawnings of cosmic con-

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sciousness filter through his benighted brain, and the lost one turns his face toward the light in the east. It is sublime, a great human drama. No one could possibly look upon this picture without new hope for the regeneration of even the lowest sunken of mankind.

It would hardly be fair to leave this versatile genius without mentioning also his marvelous gift as a sculptor, for he not only paints but he fashions beautiful things in clay and bronze. Here his fantastic humor has full play and we find him handling with uncanny skill and wonderful technique those ancient subjects, the salamander, serpents, and fish in exquisite motion. The reptile has a peculiar fascination for him, as nearly every bit of sculpture shows the artist's delight in the sinuous grace of its movements. He leans toward the bizarre and the grotesque. A funny little frog lifts his leg on a lily pad. A lizard looks up in curiosity and finds

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the world "full of a number of things." Everywhere grace, everywhere beauty.

The old battle will rage between the realists and the impressionists. Every foot of the ground will be fought over and over. But as we rise in spiritual discernment, the ideal back of things, the spirit of which the material is but the visible outflowering, will ever more and more appeal to the hearts of men. Thus will Needham come into his own.

Anna C. Gulbrandsen.

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## PUNISHMENT.

What by punishment can really be accomplished, all in all, in the case of man and animal, is an augmentation of fear, an intensification of prudence, a subjugation of passions. And in so doing, punishment tames man, but it does not make him "better."

—Friedrich Nietzsche, in *A Genealogy of Morals*.

# THE OPEN ROAD

## PAN PAPERS.

By Will Levington Comfort.

(Author of Routledge Rides Alone.)

### I. MODERN FICTION.

**T**HE great mass of recent American fiction might be gathered together in one wing of the library of congress, and labeled "The Girl, The Dollar, and The Bull."

A stranger being critically informed that the short story is particularly an American expression, would find that the American novel is usually a short story enlarged. The same elements, the same plot turnings and devices; the same man-handled materials are caught and whipped through varying lengths of tale.

First, the Girl. This is a love story. The love of man and woman which these stories exploit, regarded by an adult whose mental surfaces are fresh and slightly warmed with ideals, must appear shifty and pestilential. The American fiction-writer equips his wo-

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man with everything to make her common as man. She is glib, pert, mundane. Her mind is a chatter-mill; she is a creature of fur, paint, hair and absurdly young. The clink of coins is her most favorable accompaniment; and her giving of self is a sort of disrobing formality. The men who pursue her are forward and solicitous. The minds and souls of real women, the eternal challenging abstraction, Womanhood—are not matters for the writer of today.

The Dollar story is a devotion of many issues, and explains itself. It infests the so-called man's magazine, and the man's book. It has found its way on the theory that men are so occupied downtown with the money-master, that stories in the same rut will best appeal to his calcined intelligence. The theory has worked out.

The Bull stands for the physical adventure story. The essential banality of a large portion of these products is truly difficult to

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conceive in anything like its real proportion. It is founded on the fight. The men who write them have not fared forth into the red open nor the gray seas. They have missed the big symphony behind the actual striking, straining, maiming, withering and healing of arms, legs and nerves. They do not respond to the deeper emotions which occasionally exist, nor to the usual emptiness behind the fight of man and man for a throne, a woman or the right to live. These have their place in boy-books and in the boy-parts of men's lives, but the books and magazines now considered are multiplied for adults and as such are stunted and diseased. Only here and there is a bit of real work—usually by a woman. The men writers seem hung up to dry at twenty-five. There is no manhood of mind.

Nowhere is the insincerity of the age more shamelessly brought forth than in the fiction market. The Twentieth Century Lie which

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abides in the pits of trade has marked it for its own. The products are thick with its power, clotted with its vitality, American writers have defeated themselves with their wonderful facility. They serve King Quantity; they are knit with his metallic soul. Just as the race loves that which is physical in woman, that which is flaring in art, and superficial in music, so it worships the obvious and the material in fiction.

How clearly is this brought out in the lives of the numerous American writers and art-workers who divorce the wives of their youth in the first fame-flush. They are not ready for the world's praise; the first tokens of success from a rapid surface-age have caught them with their character-skeletons still rubbery. At such a time, more than any other, work should be their whole thought. Their terrible restlessness for completion is not answered by their own capacity to toil and serve, but they would

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find it in union with some beyond-woman. This should be regarded as a brutally frank confession that these authors and artists have not learned to look within, and are not building the qualities essential for greater work. No note of objection is sounded here against separations of men and women, but when these are coincident with the sudden rise of material fortune, they can almost certainly be said to proclaim a streakiness of growth. No man is fit for his greatest work who has not built great powers of inner sustaining—upon which a mate may lean as well as the producer himself. If a woman has held to him through the gruelling punishments of early years it is safe to say that she has qualities open to rich development. From a spirit of chivalry, if from no other, the man who has begun to win, should develop these latent values.

Given a quiet room, and some thousand sheets of white paper, an evolved and decent

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mind may build a structure which rises through four planes of activity. The possibilities are so great that the real worker must praise God at each day's beginning. Doing his fullest and his bravest for a year, his own faculties are endowed with power and finish—equal to all the other good his work may accomplish. The average writer brings forth from his shop the same result that he calls from the woman who mates with him—a document of physical disorder. Art and the woman are dead to him in all their lovelier dimensions.

Granted, this is a bleak age. A man with the soul of a hack can never whip these generations of America. A book, play or picture is either "rotten" or "swell"—in the mind of the average patron; and the young worker with the fine tools of expression is caught in the furious current of the race. \* \* \*

"Here are my years, and my devotion. Give me only, at the last, a tithe of thy lovely

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spirit that I may show men the real beauty which I now see from afar!" This is the first cry of his ideals, but how faint is the sound against the answering roar of his world: "Here is food—pay the price; here is a woman to help you—buy her; here are your markets, but they want the labor of your hand, not of your soul. These are your mighty years; give them to me, and I will give you metal with which to buy all else!"

For the world pays speedily and well alone for that which is common.

The great worker must breast this torrent of the times, and come forth strong and clean. Besides, he must endure prodigies of failure and privation and scorn from imitators who crowd the worn ways of shame.

A bleak age, indeed, for the lover of reality! There is no solitude for him to go to for healing. The schools from which he has emerged are pandemoniums of preparation for so many thousand a year. In law he

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must be a scavenger first; in medicine, he exchanges every conception of beauty and purity; in the church he must murder every thrilling impulse of modernity and return to Gods of his Nineteenth Century fathers; in literature he is called upon to serve quantity until the valor of his mind is stretched and inelastic; in painting he must bring his sacrifice to the stones of the lithographer, having them waylaid in the foothills of his growth to make posters and covers and calendars; in music he must be a tinkle-headed imitator whose product is a medley of strains that other composers have succeeded with. His rest is broken by the needs of the money-master, his mornings turned to fear from it; his ardors and dreams for the world's good are brushed away before the imperious gesture of this need; distance, food, rest, friends, his house, his woman—all are held apart from him, until the beast is placated. At the door of every activity—there stands

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the Dollar-Dragon. It turns his love of woman into the body of desire; all her flaws are covered by the chattels at her girdle; the children she bears are branded with its fear.

So a soul is required to cry into the teeth of a time like this: "You are evil in your every manifestation." A greater soul still is required to hold a clean place until the vile currents of the hour cease butting against him and sweep around, singeing his strength. Yet when one plays his own clean game against the world's, and wins—it is a victory. \* \* \* There is weariness in such a victory, too—and one shudders when he looks (with a thought of the future) into the eyes of a child.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

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**Who mastereth love by law? . . .  
Statutes only canst thou understand.**

**—Wotan to Fricka, in Die Walkure.**

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### ON BEING IN GOOD COMPANY.

I have at times found myself in company with many distinguished people; at other times I have found myself in company with many notorious people; but the August issue of the OPEN ROAD put me in a class by myself. For there I was in company with Will Comfort, one of the two most remarkable men in the country. I may be excused from naming the other, I trust.

Tomorrow I will be with an old backwoodsman—ex-sailor, ex-cobbler, ex-everything which the world regards. He has a shack in the woods and is content to stay there years at a time. He lives on perhaps three hundred dollars a year and doesn't give a damn for anyone.

And he lives a natural life. He produces nothing for the world, on the surface, but beneath it his heart is full of the milk of human kindness. This man, with whom

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one can sit for hours in silence, is the ideal companion—and he is good company.

Living in the woods makes you realize more what good company is. You don't find it in the cities, because it consists in giving, while the city exists for getting. To a woodsman cities are doleful places enough. Bruce makes a living from them, and so do I, but we have no respect for them. The city is poor company—it can never sit by your side in silence.

The miles are flying fast behind me, and I hope that when I get to the shack it will be raining. Rain in the woods is the most dismal, lovely, God-be-with-you time of all, when you can hear the patter above, watch the birch-flare blaze up in your fire, and feel that God is just over behind the blazing hemlock. And He usually is.

He is very good company, too. The trouble is most folks either dare not go around with him or do not know there is any such

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thing as God. There very seldom is, for city folk, unless it be the police force.

Just left Gary behind—that hideous man-made hell where “good company” means only vice. But then, vice is largely a relative matter. Bruce goes on a spree every time he refuses a smoke; his vice is abstaining from vice!

So, as the woods are nearer and the city folk farther, I look forward to the first good company I have had since meeting Bruce last month. Silence, the rustle of a woodchuck, the patter of rain, the swing of an axe! All these go to make up the silence of good company!

H. Bedford Jones.

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**Art and Life are one—must be one—else Art is not Art, and Life is not living. All great Art must follow closely the underlying laws of human life.**

**—Bruce Calvert.**

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**Every Evening, Wilmington, Del.**

“Rational Education.” By Bruce Calvert, director of the Rational School Centre, Chicago. Griffith, Lake County, Indiana: The Open Road Press. Price, 50 cents.

This little book is an argument against the established methods of imparting instruction and in favor of a resort to rational methods, to those which will tend to develop the natural abilities and normal inclinations of children, instead of compelling them indiscriminately to tread pathways of rigorous and unvarying courses.

The author says that as near as he can understand it “a school something after the model of Ferrer’s on the intellectual and spiritual side, and Booker Washington’s School at Tuskegee, Ala., on the physical and industrial side, would be an approach to what I think rational education should be.”

Received of the publishers.

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### RATIONAL EDUCATION.

Many letters have come to me from many sources on this subject of education. My booklet, "Rational Education," has been dealt with rather well on the whole by the gray wolves of the press in the book reviewers' columns—probably far more kindly than it really deserves—altho some sharp strictures have gotten under my literary epidermis.



From the mass of criticism I single out a somewhat constant note of protest at what the writers are pleased to call a lack of definiteness in the teaching method proposed—and the want of discipline that the Rational School as I attempted to outline it would present.

Not a few cautious critics have taken undue alarm at the "anarchistic or chaotic spirit" betrayed in the booklet. They deplore the loose method of dealing with

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growing children, claiming that to allow them absolute freedom in study and deportment with no wise restraints or guidance would be to develop an unbridled license in behavior and an irresponsible incapacity for sustained effort.

To all of this I agree most heartily, but my well disposed friends have not looked deeply enough into the real meaning of my contentions. They have taken alarm at a few expressions pleading for the "child's mental freedom, for giving him the right to his own mental life—allowing him to create his own universe," etc., and have jumped to unwarranted conclusions. In view of which let me try to clarify the turbid waters.



Nowhere in my book have I advocated "disorder" or "chaos." I do not wish to "dispense with all discipline" and let the children run wild. On the contrary I would

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have in force a constant discipline ten times more effective than anything I have ever seen in any public school. But it would not be the discipline of the ferule. It would not be an unmeaning arbitrary suppression of the child's natural impulses or a brutal coercion of his will. This I do not call discipline at all. It is tyranny. Such a savage method never develops any noble characteristics in the pupil.

Let me illustrate. I step into a school room with forty children, each one a seething volcano of activity, a living dynamo of possibilities. The teacher is alert, eagle-eyed, watching with threatening mien the forty little faces. Each child is sitting upright and rigid as a flagpole in his place. Every head is turned toward the teacher. Every little body tense with the endeavor to "sit still." Not a gleam of intelligence do I see in those forty little faces—not an expression of human interest, only an agon-

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ized effort to "be good." There's no confusion in the room—no sound save the labored breathing of the forty and the monotonous ticking of the clock. The teacher smiles in pride and turns to me for approval of her "perfect discipline."

Is that discipline? No, not the kind I want. A thousand times no. That is meaningless tyranny—a killing despotism. That is the "discipline" we observe among soldiers and sailors in the army and navy. Not the self control of thinking beings—but the sheeplike obedience of cowed and unreasoning machines. Does any intelligent person hold up the soldier as a model of manhood? I hardly think so. The very first requisite for a good soldier is that he shall not be a human being at all, but an animated machine in human form with no brains and no power to think or feel, but only the doglike capacity to obey orders.

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Discipline that is purely for the comfort or convenience of the teacher has no cultural value to the pupil. The only true discipline is that which springs spontaneously from within—discipline that arises from the necessity of the moment, and not from the compulsion of the argus-eyed teacher.



I see a pack of urchins playing at football. They are disposed over the grass each in his place—every little body tensed in readiness to spring at the command of the leader. Every eye is alert and watchful for the signals and each is noting every move of his antagonist on the opposing team. There is no wandering of attention here. No listless or half-hearted obedience of orders. Every boy is alive. His whole soul is in his work. Is that discipline? Yes, it is. It's the discipline that counts. Do you suppose I could take that pack of boys and compel even with a blacksnake whip such

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whole-souled attention to some matter that I wanted attended to? Never.

I am writing this in the woods on the bank of a gently flowing river. Near me are six boys. Their boat has gone adrift and is floating lazily out in midstream. The boys are busy constructing a raft to recover their boat. None of them has ever built a raft, but they are all hard at work, each suggesting something, and each putting all of his energies into the job. They are so engrossed in their work that they neither see nor hear anything else. You might call in vain—they would not hear you. The dinner hour will pass and these young Indians will never know it. Is that discipline? If discipline is turning all the powers of body and mind into your work as called for by the nature of the work and the demand of the occasion—then I should say that this is the finest example of discipline in the world.

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If I should step into a school room and find a class so deeply intent upon something they were trying to do, or even upon some game they were playing that they would never hear me enter, it wouldn't much matter to me what positions they were in—whether in the seats, on or under them—or how much noise they might be making—I would feel that here was “perfect discipline,” indeed—tho it might not be the kind recommended by a schoolma'am with nerves.



Again, “is the child to be left to grow up,” say the critics, “without any fixed habits, and without any definite instruction as to the universal truths or facts of life? Is the history and literature and science of all the past to count for nothing? Is the child to be without respect for any of the garnered wisdom of the ages? Is he to be left

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to accept or reject facts on his own immature and undeveloped judgment?"



Rather hard blows these, but I accept the challenge and will hasten to assure my friends that whatever facts we have in our possession I would surely hand over to the child as such. For example, I would freely allow him to see that two and two make four without doubt or room for opinion as he can prove for himself. I would surely teach him habits of cleanliness, order and industry, as these seem to be by universal acclaim, and by the very nature of man himself conducive to the greatest comfort, health, usefulness and happiness of the individual. I would give him the achievements of science and the hypotheses of scientific investigators not as final facts, but as the conclusions of latest research subject to revision of further knowledge. In all things that can clearly be demonstrated as

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**facts** by all means let the child have the benefit of the accumulated wisdom of the past, but in all that vast field of debatable conclusions or speculative knowledge now taught blindly and unquestionably as positive facts in all of our schools I should leave him absolutely free to form his own conclusions.

If you sift out the great mass of what passes for human wisdom you will find only very few absolute facts. Only the smallest part of the great fabric commonly taught as truth can be proven, all the balance is conjecture.

The great curse of modern education lies in teaching this vast mass of conjecture as absolute, positive truth, to be accepted by the pupil without question.



What right have we to assume that we have reached absolute truth in anything? What right to issue finalities in a world

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where our premises must rest almost wholly upon conjecture?

Man is yet too young to speak about finalities. We are only babes in this world. Only just getting our eyes open. We have not been here long enough to be sure about very much.

What right have I, what right have you, what right has any teacher, what right has the educational system to thrust upon the helpless plastic mind of youth the religion, philosophy, science, economies, politics, or conventions of this time or of any other period in the world's history as fixed examples of ultimate truth?

Nothing is fixed in this world. There are no finalities in human knowledge. There are no ultimate truths. Life has no fixed goals. Life is a journey that is never finished. An infinite progression along which there are no fixed resting places. The static is not known in nature. Life is fluid. Ev-

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ery conclusion in human knowledge today will some day be cast overboard for something better. And the remodeling and readjustment is a part of human progress. Is it to be hastened or retarded by putting up barriers along the route? By teaching things as finalities, or by presenting our conclusions merely as opinions, most likely wrong, and leaving the coming generations wholly free to grapple human problems with free and unbiased minds?

Only in freedom can man ever work out his salvation. Only a mind free from the inhibition of fear, habit, authority and convention can ever hope to see the light of truth.

But now as to freedom, please remember that freedom involves also the very highest degree of responsibility. The soldier has no responsibilities. He has only to obey orders. His masters and drivers, the officers, assume all responsibility.

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Children must be led naturally by their associations in their own organisms, the home and the school, to see that freedom must be paid for by responsibility. That liberty ends where license begins.

These things are not arbitrary inventions. They are not based upon the teacher's convenience. They inhere in the daily relations of life. They are the social demands upon people, either children or grown-ups who associate together. Children are quick to understand this. By the workings of their own social democracy, naturally inherent in them, they quickly eject or suppress a disturber.

Let this responsibility then be clearly shown to come from the very nature of life itself, the child's own life, not as an arbitrary demand of the teacher to be enforced only because the latter is the stronger, and you have the rational basis of all useful discipline—all educative self control.

# The Open Road

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**Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher**

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## BACK TO THE LAND.

### Fellowship Farms Number.

By Bruce Calvert.

**I** WAS born on the soil. I grew up with the dogfennel, dandelions and golden-rod. I got my early education in the great outdoors. The lowing kine, simpering sheep, nanny goats, chickens and guinea hens; the clouds and the sunshine, the stars, winds, rain, snow and all growing things were my teachers.

I routed the sad-eyed cows from their peaceful ruminations in the ghostly dawn, drove them home to be milked, and again rounded the herd up at dusky eve for their nightly spoilation. Many a surreptitious ride I enjoyed while thus engaged a-straddle of Old Whitey's bony back, warming my bare toes in her flanks on frosty mornings.

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I toted jugs of ice cold buttermilk from the spring house to thirsty harvest hands. Climbed the tallest sycamores in our neighborhood. Waded the creek branch thru deep pools where lay the crafty "hog-molly" waiting expectantly for my pin hooks and worms. Followed the stream over gravelly bottoms and slippery green flat stones with many a tumble and a splash. Roamed the woods and hollows in summer. Tramped thru miles of snow to the "dees-trick skule," hunted rabbits and coasted down the long hill back of Antioch meeting house in winter.

No, this wasn't a dull life. Far from that. It had all the elements of humor and adventure. Those who think farm life dull never saw it from the inside. To a boy there's the intimate touch with life—real life—and the wonders of that living world of plant and bug and bird and bee about him.

Also in my especial case I well remember that my job of handling the cattle afforded me plenty of sport and excitement. Mount-

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ing Old Whitey was always more or less hazardous. There was the uncertainty as to whether the patient beast might not change her mind—following the time honored prerogative of her sex—and shy off just as I leaped for her withers leaving me prone in the dust. Or else she was quite apt to plant her fore feet suddenly against the ground and kick with both hind feet at the sun, flinging me ignominiously over her horns into the ragweeds that skirted the road. Besides, there was always the additional and very grave risk that Dad might catch me red-handed at these pranks, in which case a good licking amply varied the monotony of events.

Then there were mortal combats with garter snakes and sundry other deadly reptiles to be related with much self glorification to a credulous household. Locating the first robin's nest, with its dainty four blue eggs, in springtime. Basket picnics. Campmeeting in the hallelujah Methodists' grove every fall. "Baptizins" of the redeemed at the hard shell Baptist's hole in Salt Creek.

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“Protracted meetings” at Antioch and Gil Gal churches by rival religious flocks. O, no! Farm life was not dull in those days.



If I ever regretted anything, which I do not, it would be that I left the farm at all. But youth was ever adventurous. It hotly burns to know what's off there in the great world beyond the sky line of home. The unknown fascinates. The temptress beckoned and off I went to join that mad rabble in her streets. It was twenty years before I broke away from her.

I never in all that twenty years quite lost the hope of some day getting back to the soil and sanity. Sometimes in my dreams I would hear again the ripple of summer waters and smell the fresh upturned earth only to be awakened by the roar of the city's unrest and choked by the foetid odors of sewer gas.

But still I stayed on. Actually getting away seemed more and more difficult as time went on. My hands were now soft and my muscles flabby from long disuse. Physical

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inertia also gets into the will. I would go in a few months tho surely. Yet the months grew into years and still I clung to my prison bars.



But finally realizing that I never should be ready to go, I one fine day in June flung off my shackles, tore my house of cards in pieces, burned my bridges so I couldn't get back if I wanted to and took to the woods.

Never did thirsty soul gulp the waters of life more greedily. After the first rude shock of exchanging the enervating push button city existence for the active self-reliant outdoor life, I began to experience a peace and joy never before dreamd of. I saw at last clearly that here was one way out of the miseries of wage slavery and treadmill life in crowded cities.



Out of pure joy at my escape from the jungle with its noise, smells, dirt, crime, greed, lust, stale air, stale food and stale water diseases, and from the irksome necessity of responding to a factory whistle; of

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fitting my key every morning into some other man's time clock; depending upon the whims of a boss for the privilege of existing at all; of wondering what I would do if I lost my job—I say in joy at escaping all these things, in joy at finding that I could take care of myself without a driver, I started THE OPEN ROAD to tell my fellows everywhere about the pleasures of life on the land hoping thereby to help others who, like myself, were sick and tired of the dreary wage mill and who longed for freedom but did not know how to attain it.



It can be guessed therefore with what sympathetic interest I hailed George Elmer Littlefield's experiment begun about that time on Fellowship Farm at Westwood, Mass. I watched Comrade Littlefield's struggles for a foothold on the soil, his discouragements and failures and his many setbacks. I admired his unfaltering pluck and zeal which thru it all refused to consider defeat and at last I rejoiced with him in

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what now seems to be the final triumph of the Fellowship Farm idea.



It is because I think so much of this movement as a practical means of getting back to the soil that I gladly give Comrade Littlefield beginning with this issue, a department each month in THE OPEN ROAD to tell about his work. About the farms already established and his plans for starting new groups. That red hot little arch rebel monthly ARIEL, which has so long battled for the Fellowship Farm idea, will be discontinued and Comrade Littlefield's monthly talks here on the Open Road will take its place.

There are now six Fellowship Farms in full or partial operation. Fellowship Farm No. 1, the pioneer at Westwood, Mass., fully organized and successfully running. F. F. No. 2, Norwood, Mass. F. F. No. 3, Kansas City. F. F. No. 4, Los Angeles, Cal. F. F. No. 5, New York City. F. F. No. 6, Reading, Pa.

Of these I have had the pleasure to

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watch, and perhaps also in some small degree, to assist in the organization of the New York City group under Comrade Littlefield's leadership. The response of New York's wage earners to the call of "back to the soil" was remarkable and inspiring. Quickly a splendid enthusiastic group of men and women was enrolled. They have bought a fine farm of 162 acres on the P. R. R., near Metuchen, N. J., paying \$25,000 for it, \$8,000 cash down. Some of the members will winter on the farm, and by next April the work will be in full swing. A striking thing about this group was the ability at financing developed among the members. They have devised a remarkable bonding plan of their own for financing the complete purchase of the farm and releasing the mortgage by means of this bond issue, a plan, which has won the admiration and endorsement of our ablest financiers. I visited the farm and was struck with the wisdom displayed in selecting it. It seems to me an ideal spot for the successful working out of the co-operative farm idea.

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Now Geo. Elmer, reformed preacher, pathfinder and organizer, having been faithful over Littlefield's finds himself called to larger fields of endeavor. His great ideal has expanded until it now embraces the whole of America. If one fellowship farm succeed, ten will. If ten, then a hundred. And thus is disclosed the magnificent possibilities of hundreds, nay, thousands of fellowship farm groups all over the country from rocky Maine to sunny California. In the vicinity of every city in our land one or more farms may be established.

It's a big idea. The economic significance of the movement thus becomes of vast importance. While the orators are orating, and the theorists theorizing; the Fabians and the Marxians and the Syndicalists fussing over the right of way to economic freedom, perhaps, Littlefield, a true modern Moses, thru the sane practical fellowship farm plan for taking men back to the soil and independence may actually usher in the social commonwealth right under the startled

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eyes of both capital and labor. Perhaps, who knows?

Meanwhile the whole thinking world will be watching with acute interest the experiences of the groups already so happily inaugurated. Littlefield wisely made his initial experiments in widely separated localities. With one station on the Atlantic, one on the Pacific and another midway between, about every problem that must in the future be met will now be encountered and successfully worked out. And these first six groups will serve as guides for all subsequent associations.

What a sublime spectacle to inspire the gods! A nation redeemed thru contact with the soil! It's logical, scientific and the handwriting of all history points to the success of the movement. I am sure my readers will be as much interested as I am in the fortunes of this farm movement and its possibilities for human betterment.

Comrade Littlefield has done the pioneer work of demonstrating the fellowship farm idea better than any other man of his time

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could have done it. And I have no hesitation in referring all city sickened folks who dream of getting back to the land to Geo. Elmer Littlefield, National Fellowship Farm Organizer, Westwood, Mass. (Present address, I believe, Puente, Calif., Fellowship Farm No. 4.)



I believe today more firmly than ever that this Back to the Land propaganda is the sanest movement of modern times. It seems to offer to the working class their only immediate and blessed relief from wage slavery.

I know that much ridicule is sought to be cast upon the little land and intensive cultivation idea by a certain class of would-be smart writers. These critics I am sure get their impressions of life on the land from atlases and railroad time tables. I venture that most of them were never any nearer to an onion patch than Twenty-third street and Broadway. They would not know a potato bug from a cockle burr. They cite cases of men who went into the great lonely

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northwest or the arid plains of Dakota, to farm a homestead of 160 acres with no experience, no capital, and no help, and who met with disaster. It is true many did fail, the wonder is that any should succeed under such hard conditions, but the fact is that even with all these handicaps where one man failed hundreds did actually succeed in snatching single-handed from the desert, homes and farms and comfort.

It is also quite true that men have been lured by wild if not to say criminal colonization schemes into inaccessible and wholly impossible places for ever making a living on the soil.

Most colonization ventures, I fear, are exploitations pure and simple. They are engineered by smooth individuals of the green goods type from the safe vantage ground of twenty-seven story office buildings. All that these worthy agriculturists know about garden truck is what they learn from seed catalogs. None of them ever saw a hoe handle or garden fork in action. The only blisters they can show are those that come from

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resting on their shoulder blades or plowing furrows of iridescent language with an eighteen dollar typewriter.

I will admit, too, that men have undertaken truck raising near good city markets and have failed. I know such cases myself. But I know more who have succeeded. I live in a truck farmer's district. Intensive cultivation here is quite common. Not very scientific, largely hit or miss, and yet they are taking from 400 to 800 bushels of onions off an acre. We got over a dollar a bushel for our onions last fall. Two years ago one of my neighbors received \$1,300.00 cash for his onion patch back of the house, onions sold on the ground. And this was but a part of his crop for that year.



The unskilled city man going into the country to try intensive farming without experience is quite likely to fail. Everything is against him. He works alone, has to market his crop alone, has everything to learn by experience, which is the most expensive teacher in the world. Then his family lack

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the social intercourse which gives zest and spice to life. Working alone, without capital, without education or training in scientific farming, with no backing and no means to employ up to date tools and appliances failure is almost certain. Men grow heart sick of the unequal struggle and quit.

But the fellowship farm plan overcomes every one of the drawbacks mentioned. The farm is located in easy reach of a large city—generally in commuting distance. The land is known and tested by private and government experts before it is bought. The exact crops suited to it are determined scientifically long before it is planted. Farming is no longer a hit or miss procedure. It is now almost an exact science, so much for government and private researches made in the last very few years. One man is not left to struggle alone and unaided. He is in a group of fifty or one hundred fellow co-operators. In addition to the individual holdings a part of every farm is cultivated co-operatively for the common benefit. This community-plot of ground sup-

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ports a paid agricultural expert who will guarantee to produce enough on ten or twelve acres to pay his salary and carry the whole interest upon the capitalization of the group, besides maintaining a model acre which is kept up to the highest possible standard of productivity, and which serves as a constant school of intensive agriculture where each little lander learns daily just what to do and how to do it.

In addition to these advantages, there are further, the social ownership and use of extensive farm machinery provided by the group; the operating of a hotel, store and other industries adaptable to the locality—; and last but not least, by any means the fellowship with kindred souls, with men and women of common ideals and common purposes; the splendid *esprit de corps*, maintained by friendly rivalry and co-operative association—not brutal competition.

Add to all this the guidance of a capable and experienced adviser, one who has himself demonstrated all his own theories first, an honest, conscientious teacher, such as

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the farm groups will have in Comrade Littlefield, and you have about closed every door to failure, opening every avenue to success.



And so let me say again that I see great hopes for the future when man comes back to the soil where he belongs. There's immense significance in the fact that **soil** and **soul** trace back to the same word in the tap-roots of human language.



I am sure that the concentration of people in great cities, with the inevitable struggle for life under present conditions, is destructive to human character. The city does not represent the highest in man's nature. The life is artificial, feverish, erotic, and neurotic. Instead of the quiet deeps of peace and contentment wherein the soul expands, the city breeds unrest, pain, fear. Brutality, snobbery, crave for excitement, greed for money and power, with selfish indifference to the sufferings of others fills that place in the human heart from which should flow the fra-

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grance of sympathy, neighborliness, brotherly love.



Comrade Littlefield and the fellowship farmers have proven to us that a man can earn his living from one acre and own that acre without being a capitalist and without exploiting any one.

An acre costs but little, when bought thru co-operation. Many a mechanic or clerk is wasting enuff every year in idle follies, if not worse, to secure for himself and his family the foundation of a home for life.

Yes, you can support yourself under right conditions from a very small piece of ground. But there will be times when you must hustle as you never did in wage slavery. Nature runs no union shop. The eight hour law is not in force. The sun and the rain and the weeds wait for no man. Nature works all the time, and there will be a few times each season when you must meet her half way. That hour before sunrise and after sunset is sometimes worth a good deal when garden truck is at stake.

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If this sort of thing appeals to you; if the simple, healthy, hearty life of the out doors attracts you, freedom awaits you there. But if you come out with the idea of exploiting your neighbors, if you want to sit in the shade when the days are hot and let some one else hoe the potatoes, then better stay where you are. This life is not for you. There is enough of that in the cities. We want to change our ideals entirely when we go back to the soil. I see so much of the jungle every time I go into the busy haunts of men, it makes me sick at heart. It is not human. It is still the age of tooth and beak and claw.

I see the children, sweet buds of humanity, fresh from God's garden, ground up into profits.

I see the babies packed in narrow streets, alleys—doorways, and close backyards with no place to play, no place to grow, no place to learn the fine art of being human.

And it is because I see all the misery and suffering in crowded cities that I would bring to the unhappy and the downtrodden,

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as well as to the rich and miserable, some of the beauty and peace and good health and joy and humanity that abounds in the woods and fields. I would seek thru THE OPEN ROAD to touch their hearts, and revive their love for nature. I would lure them back to the soil and sanity.



I believe there is a better, saner, sweeter life than most of us are now living. I believe it is possible even under the distressing conditions of our times to live and grow sweet and clean and kind, and be happy, rounding out our lives at joyful work close to mother earth, reaping wisdom as the years pass lightly by.

And I believe this life is within the reach of every man, however rich, however lowly and poor. Wealth and social station are not at all essentials, but simply a slight readjustment of the ideals of true living, the giving up of a few of the indulgences and extravagances of modern life, and a return to the primal sanities, to the good old standards of plain living and high thinking.

## THE OPEN ROAD

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And this road leads straight back to the soil. Back to the simple joys of the field and garden, to a life of productive work in the earth; to a home under one's own vine; out beneath the blue sky, where the haunting spectre of want stalks not and where men have time to be kind.

Yes, I would encourage men, women and children to break away from the city plague spots back to nature. The country is the child's natural habitat. Heaven help the children brought up in city streets. At the very best their lives must be poor indeed, at the worst it is too pitiful to think of without tears.

While returning to the soil may not be the solution of all our economic problems, it is at least one forward step, and it will make the task of readjustment a little easier for those who remain in the toils. And it offers a vista thru which we may see sweet visions of a life of independence, of gladness and joy, the songs of the birds, the fragrance of the flowers and the thrill and throb of that

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common nature which unites us forever to the soil.

And the hardships of living in the country, which frighten your steam-heated, push-button cliff dweller, are really very greatly magnified. You won't have to give up anything essential to noble manhood or sweet womanhood. The bowling alleys, booze joints, the cheap filthy, foolish shows, the noise and dirt and stench and smoke and grime of the city you can well afford to exchange for the sweet pure air of the fields and woods, and for the great peace that will come to you; for the sunshine and the green grass and the flowers and the birds.



In the country one's wants are few and simple. I never knew how little we really need for perfect health and happiness until I took to the woods. Your acre will supply almost every want and bring you in exchange the things you cannot produce. The country supplies about everything needed for a full rounded life.

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As for art, we have that which passes all art—Nature at work upon her everchanging canvas.



As for music, we have that which transcends all human melody, the music of Nature. No orchestra of brass, strings and wood could ever equal our galaxy of star performers. Every singer an artist, a soloist, and the ensemble of birds, bees, crickets and the myriads of happy little creatures, all pouring out their hearts in song, an anthem that fairly floods the soul with joy.

In the morning we are awakened by the grand chorus of birds, and at night lulled to sleep by the Little Singers of the Wood. The night and the morning each has its melodies. Music all day long. And such music as never was heard in concert-hall or bandstand.

Every day, every night, our woodland orchestra deluges us with symphonies sweeter than any ever writ by mortal hands, the divinest harmonies, it seems to me, that ever assailed mortal ears.

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No peal of deepest organ pipe can equal the sougling of the winds thru the tree tops at night when all is still, and the cool and placid stars smile down in silent serenity.



I used to be an ardent lover of music, and spent many delicious hours, often stolen, I fear, from sterner engagements, listening to great symphony orchestras. I've heard them all, the best that the world has to offer in music, but it is a fact that since I came to the woods I scarcely have the patience to sit thru a symphony concert. I find myself constantly comparing the human performers and their scratchy, wheezy, imperfect harmonies to my own singers down here at Pigeon-Roost, beside whose pure, clear, perfect tones the instruments seem coarse and colorless.



As for books, you can have just as many in the country as you'll ever have in the jungle, and what is more, you'll have leisure to read them, which you'll never have as a wage slave in the city.

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Dear comrades of the Open Road, how the mad world needs to learn the lesson that the sweetest joys of life are in reach of all, poor as well as rich, all for the asking, all for merely tuning the heart to the rhythm and the harmony of the life about us, for simply opening the windows of the soul and looking out.



O, tired and weary traveler of earth's roads, whoever you are and wherever you are, come back to Nature! Get into her key. Open the windows of your soul and look out! You'll see a joy-clad world, where beauty and sweetness abound.



O, tone-deaf struggler for the bauble of society's stamp; or mad with the lust of ownership, consumed with a flame that nothing you will ever realize can quench, be still; stop the clatter of your feverish dream. Look out and up, listen, and you'll hear the sweetest harmony that ever touched the human heart. It's in you and all about you—all yours for the claiming.

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Yes, you can make a living, never fear—all you need. That's about all you are getting now, no matter whether it's costing you five hundred or five thousand dollars a year.

But to have a home of your own, a home in the country, a life free from worry, free from fear, free from the clutch of greed, from the hard, life-draining, soul-sapping struggle for existence in city shops, factories or stores; a place for your children to play; fresh air, sunshine, pure water. How splendid!



To have a frugal living with the joy of getting it yourself from the soil; with the grass and the blue sky and the forests and flowers and the dewy mornings and the golden sunsets all your very own: and then to have a little time before you pass from earth to look around you, get your bearings, as it were; take a look at this endless chain of humanity; time to consider the questions who and what you are, why you came here and what your business is now that you are here. Isn't that worth while?

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Yes, comrades, let's take to the woods. There is beauty in the majestic, religious woods that expands the soul and lifts the heart to the Most High. In the whispering of leaves borne upon the evening breeze you hear the voice of the Infinite and under the eternal stars your troubled heart finds peace. Take to the woods.

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## **DO YOU WANT THIS JOB?**

The World's League for a Sane Christmas wants a new Director of Publicity. This post has been most ably filled by Margaret R. Burlingame, until recently advertising manager for the Prest-o-Lite Company of Indianapolis, Ind., but now retired to private life.

This is one of the greatest reform movements of modern times and has caught the interest of thousands. Here's a chance for the right man or woman to carve his or her name high upon the rock of immortality.

For full particulars, address

Bruce Calvert, President.

## THE OPEN ROAD

# ARIEL.

A million city workers are plodding listless on  
From jobs uninteresting, their treadmill since the  
dawn,

The multitude of toilers—a motley crowd for-  
lorn—

As they go marching on.

Sadly, sadly, I adjure you,

Sadly, sadly, I adjure you,

Sadly, sadly, I adjure you,

Do they go tramping home.

A hundred hungry toilers heard the little landers'  
call,

And joyous fellow farmers enrolled they one and  
all,

To life and independence—O, hear their footsteps  
fall

As they go marching home.

Gladly, gladly, I assure you,

Gladly, gladly, I assure you,

Gladly, gladly, I assure you,

Do they go marching home.

The hundred will be thousands, and the thou-  
sands millions strong,

Who'll get their acres and unite in freedom's  
landward song.

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And life, and love, and liberty will bless the happy throng.

As they go marching on.

Glory, glory, hail, O farmers!

Glory, glory, fellow farmers,

Glory, glory, hail, O farmers!

Your wealth you've proudly won.

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## LITTLE FIELDS.

Fellowship Farms.

**I**N Madison Square, at noon, in dirty, noisy, crazy New York City, I heard the sweet voice of a girl singing an old hymn thru a tiny megaphone. Like a sunbeam threading thru the clouds, it penetrated even up the office-building flights to disturb the figuring of business; but, like a zephyr carrying pennyroyal perfume, the little song stopped a crowd, listening, on the curb, to this exquisite sanity. A glint of heaven, of birds and brooks, too,—and love, and life, all melodied in the girl's song.

But the crass talker, advertising his brand of gospel, spoiled it all—business, with its noise and smells came back and the crowd vanished.

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I preached my song of the land in New York City three months ago, and a dozen comrades listened. The cry in the soul of every one of them responded to my call to health, wealth, and a home. They listened, they carried the message to others. The dozen grew to a hundred, who stayed, organized, and bought 162 acres at Metuchen—out where the sunbeams dance, where birds sing, and where the sweet melody of freedom is set to life and love.

A little land for each and a chance for ideals and accomplishment—this is the Fellowship Farm Idea.

A stronger group of men and women—with the strength of purpose and ability to achieve it—it would be hard to find. They have tested the great city—they have discovered it a mill into whose monstrous hopper human beings are poured to be ground up into grist called “civilization”—but in reality it is milled for the idle bread of the rich—and the discovery made them humble—and wise; so they could gladly appreciate release from the fierce process—the com-

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petitive toss and mix between the upper and nether millstones of money and manufacture—gladly appreciate the opportunity for security and independence, thru co-operation, on the land. They each have their allotment—sufficient to make a comfortable competence, under expert guidance, and they are preparing for the new life next spring. Now, as winter approaches, it is sufficient that they plan, get their corners staked, and hold up their heads proudly as the equals of any on earth.

The old terror about a livelihood has left them. They have got fear and poverty on the run. They need never know want again.

And, like the Los Angeles Fellowship Farm on the Pacific Coast, this New York Fellowship Farm on the Atlantic Coast, will be a fine demonstration to the workers who will go back to the land with forward ideas of intensive farming, of a way to life more abundant.

The Fellowship Farm Plan, in brief, is:—

1. Get the landless man to the manless land co-operatively.

## THE OPEN ROAD

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2. Make a tenth of the land pay the whole capitalization of land and equipment so the individual lots-and-shares shall ultimately be free to the members.

3. A model acre assures instruction and success to the inexperienced who copy it on their own holdings. The use of the Company large tools adds 25 per cent to the efficiency of each and lightens their labor another 25 per cent.

4. Organized buying, and especially marketing, adds more than 60 per cent to each member's income from his own business, as well as likewise for the Company Garden.

5. Thru the Association's real estate bureau it is easy to transfer holdings and quit with little, if any, loss.

I shall add a 6th point—the loaning of part of the \$150 to \$450 necessary for individual house and equipment to “fire the boss” and live on the land. I therefore solicit funds at 5 per cent interest, good secur-

## **THE OPEN ROAD**

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ity, to enable this loan fund to full-orb the Plan.

GEORGE ELMER LITTLEFIELD,  
Westwood, Mass.

Fellowship Farm,  
Puente, Calif.

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### **TO ARIEL READERS.**

You will be pleased to learn that Bruce Calvert and I have met and clasped hands. Co-working—each in his own sphere—we shall each give you the double impulse of our lives.

For the verities and sincerities we salute you as we meet or pass along the open road.

Of course this “zinelet” needs your generous help, as you gave it to Ariel. Do not wait for subscriptions to expire—keep them alive by sending Calvert a dollar as soon as you can.

GEO. E. LITTLEFIELD.

# The Open Road

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Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

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## WAYSIDE CHATS ON THE OPEN ROAD

By BRUCE CALVERT

**O** THIS mystery we call life! This tangled, teasing, puzzling thing we term existence! Real and Unreal. Materialism and Idealism. Impressionism and Realism. Fact and Fancy. Known and Unknown. How the will to live is bound up in these opposing ideas.

We long to know, to see, but when we know and see the lure of mystery is gone. The tang and zest of pursuit is lost in attainment. Our ideals, the things for which we live and dream and love and hope and do are ever pushed forward into the shadowy unknown. No realization is ever complete. If we ever

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caught up with our ideals, life would become insupportable.

The strongest factor in shaping human lives is the unknown. I thank the gods for the unknowable. Tear away that veil that shrouds the future even in our small individual lives and we could not exist.

Our illusions keep us alive. They are the divine quick-silver threading thro our veins which defies dissolution. All known things perish. The unknown only is immortal. A world of cold fact would be intolerable. The unseen, the unknowable, the illusions that lead us onward over the visible rubbish at our feet in search of unattainable beauties and joys are the true wine of life.

\* \* \*

I am glad there are so many things we do not know. What would be left in life to live for if one knew all? Can you imagine anything more terrible than an all seeing, all knowing intelligence doomed to eternal existence!

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Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer and then lay down and died at thirty-three because there were none.

\* \* \*

All values in this life are expressed in spiritual terms. Everything that is, takes its meaning and value solely as it ministers to the development of human character. And character is not within the material realm. It cannot be touched, seen or measured. It is a spiritual thing yet it is the realest thing in all this world of reality and illusion.

Impressionistic art seeks to express the inexpressible value of the realistic thing in spiritual language. Behind the tree of leaf and bud and blossom is another and a fairer tree. The camera will not disclose it, but the eye gifted with insight may see it.

Why decry the Impressionist's art which would seek to catch the message of the clouds and put it into shades and tones?

Why rail at the Seer who sees the flower

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which we cannot see behind the one of physical dimension? Let him have his flower and we'll have ours.

\* \* \*

No, the only real things of this life are the unreal. The very business of daily living is only redeemed from unendurable vulgarity and brutal coarseness by the idealism we put into it. Try to regard the commonest human functions, as eating, drinking, sleeping or sex relations, divested of their spiritual significance, their divine purpose and you shudder with disgust.

There is not enough inducement in a purely physical life for any human being voluntarily to prolong or even endure it. Nothing in this life is so transitory as mere physical pleasure. And if it comes to pain, no agony of the body can ever equal torture of the mind. Physicians and surgeons all agree that physical pain does not kill. But we know that mental suffering can and does kill both mind and

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body. De Maupassant and Strindberg, that strange erratic genius of the Swedish race, have taught us this in their pathological delineations of morbid psychology.

\* \* \*

Life is possible at all only as it is glorified by love and love is a child of the ideal. It belongs to the kingdom of the spirit.

What is sentiment, love, that ennobles and redeems the business of living from its hideous banality but the unseen spiritual cables which bind us to the larger life?

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Everything that has happened in history has happened because a large number of men kicked.—Woodrow Wilson.

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All the follies and shams of the world are seen through the editorial and reportorial rooms, from day to day, and I only wonder that journalists can believe anything.—Talmage.

## BACK TO THE LAND. FELLOWSHIP-FARMS' DEPART- MENT.

Edited by Geo. Elmer Littlefield.

National Fellowship Farms Organizer.

ONE of the pleasantest surprises of my life was the vision of Los Angeles Fellowship Farm after an absence in the East of four months.

The Sunset route, via New Orleans, giving us a few hours in each of the chief cities of Texas and Arizona, at last led to Puente, Cal., and off we stepped ere we reached Los Angeles—the City Beautiful—so impatient were our eyes and hearts to meet and greet our comrades. Entering the magnificent valley of our settlement, like youngsters we were amazed, for behold! instead of the half-dozen shacks and tents we left four months ago, before us was a new village with its life and some quite spacious and artistic little bungalows.

Our comrades have been busy!

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Kindly greetings, of course; rejoicing—and water melons and cantelopes together with all sorts of vegetables from the gardens about poured in upon us.

We inspected our tent and then went into the store—OUR co-operative store in a fine new building of its own—to be served with everything we needed. And in half an hour Mary and I were housekeeping as tho there had been no lapse of time since we organized last spring.

We all knew there had to be some adjustments of human nature—yes, a “trying” process—and that a few would lose faith and doubt our financial status; that some by now would suspect the living-on-an-acre proposition; and therefore I was not alarmed to find the social psychology somewhat tense. Our referendum and vote to place the pumping plant intimated uneasiness together with assurance that “forward” was our key-note. And so, when we held our regular meeting, Sunday, all of us happily

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noticed this friction cease—dispelled by the larger, loftier spirit present and profound satisfaction that real fellowship and sound finance were hand-in-hand leading us to personal prosperity and collective success.

As farm manager, I have inaugurated the plan proved successful, and a system so simple and efficient that, in future, another could easily step into the superintendency and conduct the affairs of the community on profitable lines.

Three or four old members who were uncertain about staying, have decided to stay. Two members are purchasing additional lots and more are striving to raise funds for the same purpose—they can see ahead and know a good thing. Four old members wish to quit. One new member, Charles Rich, of Mass., joined this week, and Mrs. Lucy Adams, of Chicago, has arrived—other Chicagoans coming.

\* \* \*

Los Angeles Fellowship Farm is on the

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move. "Too busy for anything else!" is the universal refrain. The score of members now on the ground, building and improving their holdings, vie with the activity and bustle of the collective works—the putting in of the great water system, and the starting of the Company poultry plant and general business. The big derrick vibrates with the puff and shock of the engine and borer while the lads sing and shout at their work. The village of coops and the crow and cackle of the biddies and chirp and scurry of baby chicks are features of common interest.

The Sierra Madres and the everlasting sunshine enhance our joy job, and more are coming next week. Young cabbages and lettuce are up in seed beds, to be transplanted for green feed, and a couple of rows of peas for our Thanksgiving dinner. The strawberry runners will be ready for the rows Christmas.

The manager is demonstrating his thesis

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—ready to show members who wish to make an easy and abundant living on his or her lot that it is now up to such members to get a move on and begin.

A couple of Company cows, to start the herd, are next to be acquired.

Our team of mules is at last mated. We have some \$800 invested in the team at present. It is in constant service.

Our store trade averages \$50 a week.

Hammers and saws are making a busy hum all over the farm. The newest cottages going up are Comrade Benecke's, Littlefield's and Koller's.

Our business meetings have plenty to transact—unanimity for efficiency is the rule. Lint on the lungs is a disease prevented by not “chewing the rag.” Popular governments and all Teddietafts remember. Business and brotherhood are our watchwords.

Next week we elect our new board of officers.

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It was voted to make all but the quarterly meetings chiefly social and literary.

We have started the Fellowship Seminars, Sunday evenings, except days when regular Association meetings occur. The last meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Crowl; the second with Comrade Strickler; then with Comrade Hill. Some member leads with a subject and all join the symposium. These meetings are good for us all and will grow in attractiveness.

**Now is the Time to Start a Living on Your Lot. Follow the Example. Help all you can, Financially, on the new Water Supply Plant—as a Loan, or Advance Dues, or Payment in Full for Lot.**

—Littlefield.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., of the THE OPEN ROAD, published Monthly at Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, Griffith Lake County, Indiana. Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, Owner,

BRUCE CALVERT.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, Oct. 10, 1912.  
Notary Public. My Commission Expires, Mar. 31, 1913.

H. ELLIOTT ESTERBROOK.

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### THE INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM AND RECALL.

By Charles E. Clarke.

CONGRESS and most of the State Legislatures being either now in session or soon to convene, a word or two concerning the advisability of compelling these bodies to deal with the many evils affecting our political life and of placing some check upon bad legislation is in order.

The INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM and RECALL are simply devices to bring the operations of the government under the absolute control of all of the people.

The demand for these reforms is due to the well-founded belief, on the part of the large majority of thinking citizens, that the affairs of the government are now, and have been for some time past, conducted by, and for, a select few instead of by and for all.

The adoption of the INITIATIVE would enable the people, on petition of, say 10 per

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cent. of the qualified voters, to propose new laws to the legislature and after action thereon by the legislature they could finally pass on such proposed new laws thus using the second reform—the REFERENDUM.

Carried to its logical conclusion, if these two reforms were adopted, and if, in addition, all or a large majority of the people took an active interest in politics there would be no need of a legislature at all. If this could be brought about, we might safely dispense with legislatures and thus leave entirely to the people the enacting of new laws as above-mentioned.

Should it, however, be deemed unwise to make so drastic a change at this time, we ought to permit the people to submit to the legislature proposed laws and before having any act which passes that body and approved by the governor placed on the statute books it should be submitted by means of the REFERENDUM for the approval of

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a majority of the qualified voters of the State. Until we adopt some method like that we cannot boast of this as a "People's Government."

The RECALL is the right of a certain percentage of the voters to compel an official to submit his name to the electorate, to decide whether or not he should retain his office and then, having submitted his name, if a majority of the voters ask for his removal, to declare his office vacated forthwith.

The main reason for this reform is that many officials, particularly the judges of our courts, hold their positions either for life or for a long term of years. Impeachment, resignation and death are the only means of effecting a cessation of their official careers. Though the people might be convinced of the dishonesty or incompetency of an officer of the government yet there might not be sufficient evidence to warrant impeachment; so it is practically

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impossible to get rid of such a one in a democratic community. The people ought to have the same power with reference to their public servants as they have with their private servants—to engage and dispense with their services at will, or to indulge in slang to hire and to fire.

Political bosses and corrupt governmental management would be impossible if the people put to intelligent use the INITIATIVE, REFERENDUM and RECALL.

There are, however, some plausible arguments against these reforms. The people are at times hasty and often ill-advised. Many are unfamiliar with governmental affairs and are easily swayed by demagogues or impractical theorists. But they will never be any different until the full responsibility of the government is placed directly with them. It is true that at present most of the voters are apathetic to politics and even with the secret ballot permit the crafty and dishonest to go into office. The reason

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for this state of affairs is that most intelligent people realize the utter futility of putting to use our present inadequate machinery. For of what use is it to elect an honest legislature if dishonest or reactionary judges nullify the good statutes enacted?

The only cure for the evils of democracy is MORE DEMOCRACY. Place in the hands of all the sane persons of both sexes over the age of 21, the full management of the government and most of the evils in our politics would soon disappear. Reports from Oregon and the other states which have adopted these reforms in whole or part bear me out in this.

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A woman had three caskets to give to a man. One day she read in his eyes that he could take but the nearest and lowest, and that moment arose in her heart the wailing cry, "The King is dead!"

—Will Levington Comfort.

## A LIKELY DAY.

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I like to dine when the day's work's done  
With those at home on humble fare,  
To hear their simple stories spun  
And in their joys to freely share.

I like a friend in the evening's tide  
With whom to while the hour's need,  
In whom my love and friendship bide  
And get his heart's great trust in meed.

I like to muse in the ingle's glow  
While low, soft strains steal thru the halls,  
The laughing waves in swinging flow  
And the whip-poor-will sends out her calls.

I like to lie close to the roof  
While silver raindrops sing their song,  
And fancy's silken warp and woof  
Weave into dreams the sweet night long.

October, 1912.

Old Jo Labadie.

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Let me forgive the mistakes of others seventy times seven, but my own, never.

—Bruce Calvert.

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### THE BOOK SHELF.

By Robert J. Shores in *THE IDLER*.

*RATIONAL EDUCATION.* By Bruce Calvert; Open Road Press, Griffith, Indiana.

**I**N this small but sprightly volume, Mr. Bruce Calvert has set forth, in a breezy, somewhat slangy fashion, his views upon education. Mr. Calvert has some strong convictions upon the subject, and, if they are not altogether original or altogether true, there is much in what he says which might profitably be considered by our educational authorities.

The author of this book is an admirer of Francesco Ferrer, and is now engaged in a movement which has for its aim the founding in this country of a series of schools, modeled on those founded by Ferrer in Spain, to be called "Rational School of Right Living."

Mr. Calvert is evidently sincere in his belief that our present educational system is inadequate, but I cannot help thinking that he allows his prejudice against it to lead him into statements which he does not really believe to be true. He has a regrettable habit of attempting to strengthen his statements by reckless exaggeration, as, for instance, where he says, "Not one in a million, I believe, of the human race to-day is capable of

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using his brains. The power to think has almost disappeared from us. A man must pay the price of independent thought almost with his life." With a superb gesture of denunciation, he charges all the world with bias and prejudice, leaving us to infer that a judicial attitude of mind can be found only in himself and in those who agree with him. This is a pretty heavy tax upon our credulity, in view of the violence of his language and the broadness of his statements. When one man declares that the remnant of the human race is insane, we have a suspicion that he is, himself, insane. In like manner, when one man declares that all other men are biased, we suspect that there is something very like prejudice in his mind.

Mr. Calvert is greatly dissatisfied with our educational system. He declares that we do not give our children an opportunity of forming their own opinions, but insist upon their acceptance of doctrines which we, ourselves, believe. Our schools and colleges, he says, turn out graduates who are crammed with dogma and superstition, and who are quite incapable of any sort of originality. When he speaks of dogma and superstition, he cannot be referring to religious instruction, since we have no religious instruction in our public schools. He means, I suppose, a belief

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in government, a respect for property rights and a pride of patriotism. Our public school system he declares to be an organization which has for its purpose the "standardizing" of the human intellect. This, concludes the author, is all wrong. Children should be allowed to develop along their own lines and to form their own opinions. No child should be taught that anything is final or that anything is absolutely true. Everything should be submitted to the pupil, to be rejected or accepted as he sees fit. The teacher should never attempt to pose as an example before his students. That, says Mr. Calvert, will lead to ape-like imitation. Every child should be allowed to learn just what he desires to learn, no more, no less. The "slavery" of the present system should give way before a perfectly free instruction, in which the child, not the teacher, shall elect the course to be followed.

There is no doubt that our present educational system has its faults. It is perfectly true that many teachers lay too much stress upon the ability of the child to memorize a lesson and attach too little importance to the child's ability to understand what he is taught. It is also quite true that the majority of our college graduates are lacking in originality. He is, I believe, within the facts when he says that our public school

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employ many teachers who are incompetent, and many more who are listless and indifferent, having lost interest in their work owing to the monotony of going over the same ground again and again. I quite agree with him that the pupils of our schools are not encouraged to develop their faculties by the expression of their opinions. I think perhaps there is too much insistence upon the truth of theories which are really not established facts but conjectures—plausible perhaps, but still conjectures. I know that he is right when he says that many schools are not properly ventilated. I know that he speaks the truth when he says that a majority of the pupils are not satisfied with the system under which they are taught. Does this mean that I believe with Mr. Calvert that our whole system of education is worthless and should be abolished? It does not.

Mr. Calvert's diagnosis is partially correct. But his remedy is worse than the disease. It is not enough to show us where our system is wrong. If we are to be convinced that we need a change, he must show us how these errors can be rectified. This he has tried to do, and in this, I think, he has failed. Mr. Calvert is like a doctor who would cure a headache by cutting off his patient's head.

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Mr. Calvert has sometimes been spoken of as a Socialist. If he really were a Socialist he could not object to the "Standardizing" of the human intellect. "Standardizing" is the principal aim of the Socialist. He would standardize everything, from the hours a day that man may labor to the amount of money that he may be allowed to earn. He would equalize, not only opportunity, but rewards. Then why not standardize the intellect? I see no reason why Socialism should not sweep all before it, if intellect could be standardized. But, of course, it cannot be. Mr. Calvert, in condemning education as we understand it, cites a few shining examples of men who have become great, not, as he carelessly put it, without education, but without schooling. These men succeeded where other men, educated and schooled, have failed. This does not prove that education is a handicap; it proves that some men will succeed in adverse circumstances where other will fail in spite of many advantages. Good swimmers are more often drowned than poor swimmers. This does not argue that a man who cannot swim is safer in the water than one who can. The human intellect cannot be standardized for the simple reason that men of genius are superior to men without genius whatever their education may have been.

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Men of genius get education one way or another because they need it in their business. If they have the opportunity they generally get it in the logical place to get it, in schools; if they lack opportunity, they get it elsewhere. The few great men who have succeeded without schooling are far outnumbered by the successful men who have been educated in schools and universities.

The fact is, Mr. Calvert is not a Socialist at all, but an Anarchist. He objects to our present system of education because it is authoritative, rather than because it is inefficient. The theory upon which he proposes to conduct his "rational school" is entirely anarchistic. No only does he propose to do away with all courses of study, but he will practically nullify the authority of the teacher. "Trust the child," says he, "he knows what is best for him." If the child has a distaste for history and says he would rather play jackstraws, let him play jackstraws. If he prefers fishing to recitations, let him go fishing. Let him have his own way and he will come out all right, says Mr. Calvert. He believes that every child is a born genius and will grow up a genius if he be not spoiled by education. If my memory serves me aright, Schopenhauer, expressed views very similar to these upon the subject of education. Never mind the books, said

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he, learn by observation. The trouble with learning by observation is that it is very slow process and likely to be a painful one. If we were never given any instruction at all, I fear only a few of us would live to grow up. I am afraid I should be a long time becoming familiar with mathematics by observation only, and especially so if I were told that nothing is absolutely true or final, and that I could believe the multiplication table or not, as I chose. I should very much dislike to transact business with a man brought up to believe that nothing is absolutely true and who elected to disbelieve in arithmetic.

Mr. Calvert is right when he says that children are more original and amusing when they have not been educated. They are. They are original and amusing because they are absurd, just as Mr. Calvert's rational system of education is original and amusing because it is absurd. It is true also that children have a large amount of curiosity, but if you have ever observed them closely, you must have noticed that it is chiefly about things which do not concern them. They seldom have much curiosity about geography, or spelling or Latin. The truth is, children do not like anything which seems like work. Nor do men. Men like to work when they can work

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at something which looks like work to other people but which seems like play to them. And that is the only kind of work men really like to do.

Not all children are born geniuses. Some are born geniuses and some are born fools. Education develops an active mind just as exercise develops an active body. Either may be carried to excess. It does not follow that either is inherently wrong. One reason why children get so little out of their lessons is because they study them for the purpose of making recitations, and not for the purpose of improving themselves. They do not get as much from study as adults do, but they cannot help absorbing a certain amount of information which they could not easily acquire in any other way. Children dislike our present school system because they dislike work and they dislike authority. They prefer to do something amusing. The child is a natural anarchist. He does not know what is best for him; he only knows what he prefers. There are many matters in which a child should not be allowed to have its will. I do not believe that any amount of respect for the originality or personality of a child would justify a man in standing by and silently allowing a child to mistake carbolic acid for drinking water. Yet a child,

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through ignorance, might very well make just such a mistake. Nor do I believe that any teacher would be justified in permitting a child to develop propensity for stealing, or any other immoral practice, without remonstrating with him.

Mr. Calvert believes that every one, man or child, should be allowed to follow his own inclinations. "That will be humanity's next great step," says he, "to provide a society where all men may have, as William Morris said, the opportunity of doing work worth doing and not of itself unpleasant to do, and under conditions in which the work shall be neither overburdensome or overwearisome." That would be an ideal condition if it were a possibility, but it is not. There is much disagreeable work in the world which is not only worth doing, but which absolutely must be done. If all men were equal physically, mentally, morally, socially, and politically (which they are not and never can be), there would still be work which would be disagreeable. If all men were able to choose their own work, there would be authors, preachers and office-holders to spare, but I wonder how many would choose to be scavengers and stokers?

No, I do not believe that humanity's next great step, however colossal, will be so great as to

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bridge the gap between the possible and the impossible. Nor do I believe that the proper way to reform our educational system is to abolish education. The system has its faults, but a poor system is better than none. For many reasons it is impossible to teach in our public school or in our colleges, all that it is possible for a man to learn. The best that we can do for our school children is to give them a start in the right direction; to awaken in them a desire for knowledge and to prepare for them systematically certain fundamental knowledge which they could only learn for themselves after much effort and a great waste of time.

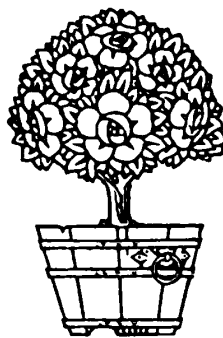
But the fact is, I do not believe Mr. Calvert intends to make his school quite so free and easy as he pretends. I do not believe that the "Rational School" will be entirely free from theorizing and dogma. Mr. Calvert may not teach the "dogma and superstitions" now taught under our present educational system, but will he be able to resist the temptation to systematically instill in the minds of his pupils those anarchistic principles which underly the whole movement of the so-called rational education? Will he be able to refrain from propaganda? Will he stand quietly by and remember his own slogan of "hands off the child" when he perceives among his

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students a tendency toward what he would call reaction? Will he not attempt to mold the children into his new mold just as he now declares the educators are molding them into the old ones?

If this were not his intention, why should he found a school at all? Would he not rather lead his little charges to the door and say, "Children, you are sadly in need of an education, but I cannot give it to you, for it is your natural and sacred right to get it for yourselves. Out there is the great, round world; out there you will find life, experience, books, and all the knowledge and folly of mankind. Be off with you now to learn what you can, and the Devil take the hindmost!"



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### THE WAGON AND THE STAR.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

**I**T is a very common thing to have an ambition; it is very uncommon to have a great ambition. An attainable ambition can be won, and the other substituted; but to have an ambition which is unattainable is the greatest thing of all. An unattainable ambition does not make for hopelessness; instead, it makes for determined, persistent effort, effort that is not worthless because it resolves itself into continued effect. The ultimate goal may be hopeless, but in striving for it one accomplishes fabulous things. Just read this old parable from the Persian, and see if it be not a gem of thought!

“In the eternal ocean were two waves, rolling on ceaselessly, now high, now low. Above them gleamed the Evening Star, and the two waves fell in love with it. Each determined to win to that bright goal.

“The first wave rolled higher and higher

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night after night, piling upward toward the heavens. Each knew that the quest was hopeless, yet each strove side by side. But the first wave would win in order to be above his fellows, in order to possess the Evening Star, in a selfish effort to be first among waves. The second was drawn by the sheer beauty of the questing's end, by the pale sweet light that gleamed down so softly, by the love which Allah gave to men and things alike.

“So it came about that as the two waves rolled higher and higher in the ocean-path, from each fell drops as their crests broke beneath the wind. Those of the first wave were lost in the dark and merged with the waters. Those of the second were touched with a gleam of light from the fair star above, and carried that gleam in the path that the wave left behind. So the two waves journeyed on, now high, now low, but the path of the one was dark, and that of the other was light.

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“And in the end they came to the shore and were scattered afar. Which, oh my brothers, think you left blessings in its wake? Allah knoweth all things. ‘Tamam!’”

\* \* \*

Thus, briefly, runs the parable of the Two Waves. But it is a good parable, and it applies to us strongly. Are the drops that fall from our crests, the little things we do as we win forward, lost in the dark or turned to light in our wake? Allah knoweth all things. Peace be with you.

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## WHO PAYS THE BILLS.

Forty thousand electric lights illuminated the exterior of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City in honor of a newly created cardinal. . . . Who pays? . . . Does the man in the church ranks—be he merchant or mechanic or clerk—ever ask himself this question as he steps into a pay-as-you-enter church?

—John Nicholas Beffel.

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### THE OPEN ROAD.

The Open Road and Walt and You and I  
Inseparable, and Comrades till we die  
That's some "Come Up"—much more than  
threatened Hell

Or promised Heav'n or tales of how we fell.  
Why, Man alive! that seems the sorriest lie.

Some folk so foolish are they do decry  
The Freedom Road, and it to all deny;—  
Some Priests extracting tolls, as though to sell  
The Open Road.

Creative Man makes wings with which to fly  
To unobstructed pathways in the sky.  
He shall do more: He shall contrive to spell  
The riddle of existence....

All is well  
For Walt and You and I, who always try  
The Open Road.  
Edwin Brenholtz.

Written for Bruce Calvert, lovingly,

At The Live-Oaks, July 27th, 1912.

# The Open Road

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**Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher**

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## INTUITION AND ITS PLACE IN THE NEW EDUCATION.

By Bruce Calvert.

I WENT last night to one of the most remarkable gatherings I have ever witnessed, and I have been in a good many. Ten thousand or more people were packed into the great auditorium of Carnegie Hall in New York City. There were speeches and laughter—yes and tears too. A program lasting from eight o'clock until long after eleven. And what do you suppose it was all about? A reception to the President of the U. S.? Some popular politician seeking to save the country—for his own good? A prominent literary light author of one of the "six best sellers?" A great artist to delight the soul with song or music?

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No it wasn't any of those worthy motives that brought that monster crowd together but just the simple tribute that members of his own despised race—the Jews—were paying to genius in the person of their beloved prophet the Yiddish poet Morris Rosenfeld. The occasion was the 50th birthday jubilee of the "Sweat Shop Poet" as he is called.

You never heard of this man did you? No more had I until I received tickets for a seat. But I got a copy of his book "Songs From 'The Ghetto'" and read it before going to the meeting. I'm glad I did too, for these verses translated from the Yiddish by Leo Weiner, Professor of Slavic languages at Harvard, are among the most beautiful and remarkable things in English literature. I think we have a right to call it that for while the work was not written in English, yet it was inspired and written in New York, in the Ghetto, and in the sweat shops at that.

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The Yiddish poet sings of the sufferings and wrongs of his fellows in the sweat shops not as one from above looking down and pitying the slaves from a comfortable distance, but as one of themselves. It is his own tears that fall and sizzle on the hot iron held in his trembling hands—his own shivering cough-racked form that goes shambling thru the dusk of early dawn to the shop and back thru the shadows of night to his pitiful home and his child which he complains of never seeing save when the baby slept. The only reason the poems were not written in English is because the poet had not yet learned the language of the new world so that he could express his thot in it as in his own native Yiddish.

All the congratulatory addresses were of course in Yiddish of which I did not understand a word. But I sat close to the little sweat shop tailor poet and I felt that I understood him at any rate. Here was a

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true poet of the people, springing from them, singing the songs of toil and oppression, and crying the world old cry for liberty as some bard or prophet of ancient days.

Where did Morris Rosenfeld get that divine gift of poesy? He had no educational advantages, so the translator of his book tells us in the preface, beyond that allotted to boys of humble Jewish origin. And when we consider that the poet was born in 1862 in a small town of Poland of poor fisher folk under conditions where bitter poverty must have been his daily portion, it takes no stretch of the imagination to infer that these amounted to almost nothing at all.

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Yiddish, or Judeo-German, by way of explanation let me say is the name given to a "group of dialects spoken by Jews of German origin in Russia, Austria, Roumania, etc." New York is the most Jewish city in the world, having ten times more Jews

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than were in all of Palestine, fifteen times more than were in the Jewish city of Jerusalem. Probably 1,000,000 are in New York. The great East Side is filled with them. Yiddish is their commercial and literary language. They are keenly alive to the up-lift spirit of the times too, producing many of the most ardent revolutionists. They publish nine newspapers and two magazines in the Yiddish language. The principal being the well-known Jewish *Vorwaerts* or *Forwards* as it would be in English. This paper is really one of the most remarkable ventures in journalism, I think of our time. Started with the pennies of thousands of poor men women and children in the Ghetto and carried on for years before it could maintain itself almost with the very life blood of the workers down there in the slums, it is devoted wholly to Socialistic propaganda and the encouragement of interest in social questions. It now has a daily circulation of

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140,000. It is lodged in a beautiful new modern ten story building containing one of the finest and most complete news paper plants in America, lecture rooms, class rooms, recreation conveniences etc. The paper is published by a corporation not for profit. The stock holders are the people. It is their paper. The editors reporters and printers are paid small salaries and every dollar the paper earns above its expenses is put back into the fund for education and propaganda.

The devotion which kept the paper alive thru the trying years when it was struggling for existence against almost insurmountable difficulties is a story to warm the heart with a new faith in humanity. Men with but one loaf of bread would divide that. Children—boys and girls—with but one penny gave that cheerfully. Women gave their poor little trinkets of jewelry—in many cases precious heirlooms—for what small aid their poor contributions would

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afford their beloved organ The Forwards, that the voice for freedom crying in the wilderness, might not die. The literature of this people I am told is very recent, almost at the beginning, and Morris Rosenfeld is the Poet Laureate of the Yiddish race in America.

\* \* \* \* \*

To come back to the question I asked myself a while ago—where did this poor untaught sweat shop slave get his divine gift of poesy?

Well it is the next business of our thinkers and educators, those who are facing the new day to answer that question. And the answer to it will I am sure involve a revolution in our whole educational machinery, a change in our attitude toward education itself and its relation to life.

For one thing we have made the startling discovery that in the poetry of the common people—not the literary high-brows—but in the spontaneous expression of the

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mudsills or morons—as seen in folk tales, legends and stories of the people, are found the true beauty and sweetness of life. In the songs of the common people, the folk song, is the true music of the race.

The great masters of music have always taken their themes from the songs of the common people—the folk song—in every case where they have produced a composition that will survive.

The songs and the poetry of the people are always true to life, natural, beautiful, moral and clean. The people have nothing to gain by being otherwise. While at the other end of the scale among the so-called upper classes, true, natural, beautiful, spontaneous action—like the unstudied grace of a child which is the sweetest and most beautiful thing in life—is almost unknown. Expression here is always colored or inhibited by self interest in some form or other, or smothered in the artificialities of conventionality.

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The poet who writes "down" to the people will achieve naught of enduring value or true sweetness. His work will ring true only as he draws his inspiration from the people or tunes his lyre to the great common chord of humanity, the simple natural people of the lower walks of life close to the soil.

Every musical composition in this world which does not draw its life blood from the people—the soil—will perish from the earth. Every top heavy academical poem written from the Olympian heights looking downward to the great common people will be forgotten, while songs like those of this poor Yiddish tailor will be here when the battlements of time have crumbled away.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you will look back to the heading of this talk you will see that it is "Intuition and its Place in the New Education." I have not been wandering from the question at all but have been close to it every moment. I want to speak of Intuition as

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that divine power to know intuitively as opposed to our established methods of learning by analysis or synthesis following the common processes of inductive or deductive reasoning.

The idea is yet quite new to us but if I read the signs of the times aright, it will not be agreat while longer. So far as I know no educator in America has ever advanced the intuitive method as a principle in pedagogics, or even given any hint that there was such a faculty as Intuition in the human mind at all.

Emerson did indeed more than hint at it, but so deeply esoteric was his phrase, his meaning so veiled in the language of mysticism, that no one ever caught the significance. And Ralph Waldo never troubled himself to explain further. Thoreau, the real heart and soul of New England Transcendentalism and the spiritual father of both Emerson and Old Walt showed his keen recognition of the principle in his contempt

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for authorities and in his pleading for self expression. But Thoreau apparently did not care enough about posterity to be explicit in his insistence, or perhaps he knew intuitively that the time was not yet ripe to propound such revolutionary pedagogics, or perhaps again he realized that in his short life, which he undoubtedly foresaw, he could hardly hope to more than muddy the waters of that by dropping such a bomb shell into the stream as that proposal would surely have been in his time.

\* \* \* \* \*

But now comes Henri Bergson another Jew, Yiddisher too—parents born in Warsaw Russia—and he has set the whole academic world by the ears in his books on what he calls The New Philosophy. M. Bergson is professor of Metaphysics in the College of France. He stands at the head of the world's most advanced thinkers and writers. Hence his theories will be accorded some respect by that large class of in-

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tellectual bootlickers who want to see the Oxford imprint and the "Divinity Circuit" on any piece of literary merchandise as a guarantee of its orthodoxy and safety.

The pronouncement of Professor Bergson must have come as a terrible shock to the academicians on this side the Atlantic who didn't know he was loaded. But coming as it did properly vouched for and all in good orthodox Divinity Circuit, there was nothing else to do but take notice. The gifted Philosopher was accordingly invited to lecture at Columbia University New York, which he has done. And his books are now accepted as standard contributions to the psychology of the changing order, his ideas a part of the great philosophical life of the race. It now remains to be seen how far his new idea in the psychology of learning will modify educational methods in our American schools and colleges.

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Now let us examine M. Bergson's new  
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principle and see what it amounts to. Perhaps we may be able to carry its significance a little further than any of the critics and reviewers seem to have done heretofore. Says Bergson:—"Intuition is that art of intellectual sympathy by which one transports oneself into the interior of an object in order to become harmonious with what is peculiar to it alone, and so, inexpressible." He shows us that the philosophies of all the past have been built upon fixed or "immovable" premises or points of departure. That all analytical sciences must be so based because to analyze a thing you must fix it. Whereas nothing in life is fixed or imovable. Life is forever flowing, forever mobile, forever changing. And he calls upon us to trust our intuitions as they alone are able to follow the swiftly moving current of life and put us in touch with the spirit of the universe, because the intuitive sense is adjusted to this **elan vital**, or life current. It acts upon the movable and hence

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is **en rapport** with all the things of life itself, and is not limited as must be all other forms of knowing to a small section of duration taken out of life and fixed under a lens as it were so it can be studied.

\* \* \* \* \*

To which I beg to offer my interpretation of the full meaning of the ideas advanced.

Man is a link in a mighty chain of intelligences reaching back to primordial dust. He is not explainable nor significant save as a part of this mighty chain. Further, if man is anything, he is the culmination or focussing point of all that was or is in the universe. His roots reach clear back to the first movement of conscious matter. He is linked to all the past and to all the future.

If man is the culmination of all the universe, he contains within himself all the known or knowable. If this be true, and how can anyone doubt it, he must hold within him somewhere a record of all the past as well as all the possibilities of the

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present and the promise of the future. And if these things are true there must be some way of bringing this stored up wisdom, this potential knowledge up to the point of present consciousness.

What else is Intuition but the operation of this faculty by which we know just because we know? Know not from any formula or rule, not from any process of reasoning, but just the simple fact of cognition—as I am. I know that I am simply because I know. But there is no proof in all the universe outside of myself to establish this knowledge.

Why then I ask may there not be some way of utilizing this infinite store of wisdom within each of us? Learning by rote is slow and painful and uncertain too. Knowing by Intuition so far as we are acquainted with its operations in the little we use it is quick and keen as a flash of light and sure. We seem to know intuitively without effort, and yet the things we know in this way, we

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know far better than the knowledge we gain thru the accepted methods of learning we have inherited from the ages.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am no prophet nor the son of one, nor am I laying claim to profound knowledge, but sometimes even the wayfarer has happened upon mighty truths overlooked by the academicians. Here is what was published in THE OPEN ROAD in January, 1909. It seems especially significant, in view of what has since occurred:—

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### INTUITIONAL OR INSPIRATIONAL KNOWING.

“We cannot know everything analytically, and fortunately for us it is not indispensable that we should. Of manifestations there are many, infinite forms, too many for any one man in his short earth life to master them all in detail. Yet every manifestation is but the visible expression or outflowing of the universal intelligence that lies within it. Manifestations are limitless, forms are numberless. But infinite intelligence is one. Why not then in our process

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of knowing go direct to the heart of things, seek to know the intelligence, the soul or spirit of the thing, knowing which we know all?

“Perhaps a new method of education is to come into the world. Perhaps this is to be the next upward step—a method of learning to supplant the tedious uncertain inductive and deductive systems of the past, or at least to supplement them. A method that may be called for want of a better name, the INTUITIONAL OR INSPIRATIONAL method! Who knows?

“We are all familiar with the workings of this inspirational force, tho we have somehow lost the art of making practical use of it in our lives, as much as we might. We know how the poet will in a flash of insight, picture what the scientists only learn after centuries of painful groping.

“Before Harvey announced his discovery of the circulation of the blood, Shakespeare, mighty genius, makes Brutus say—“You are my true and honorable wife, as dear to me as are **the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart.**” The poet and bard of Avon also wrote of the “Horseless couriers of the air,” but it took two centuries of tireless and patient investigation for science to develop wireless telegraphy. Two thousand yars ago a teacher said—“As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.”

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And again—"Thy faith hath made thee whole." Today science proves both these statements to be physiologically and psychologically true—that a man is molded by his attitude of mind—and here in these simple statements we have the groundwork for the whole modern structure of New Thought.

"Materialistic science in its investigations has always given too little credit to that higher faculty of the soul, Intuition. And yet strangely it is precisely to this sense that man owes his greatest progress.

"Where physical science halts helpless against the dead wall of the impenetrable, Intuition steps in and beckons the searcher onward. Where logic could go no further, and reason could not see, Intuition has dimly perceived the truth there in that shadowy land of the unknown.

"When science retires baffled and beaten in its task, Intuition would carry the light still further if men would only trust her. This is proven over and over.

"That the Intuition of both Darwin and Spencer was nearer the truth than their reasoning, we are almost sure, yet splendid intellects tho they were they could not admit its findings into their conclusions. That they both caught the glint of

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deeper truths even against their reason is certain. Had they but had the confidence to follow that light, who knows how much nearer the goal they might have carried the ark of knowledge?

“And yet the Intuition is but the instant focusing of all the faculties of the mind upon a judgment which reflects the highest thot force of the individual. It’s simply a leaping over the intervening steps of testimony argument and reasoning and arriving at the conclusion without conscious adjustments. Intuition is only one of our natural faculties. It is neither to be feared nor mistrusted. Why may we not trust our own souls? Our own inner light?

“Of course the intuitive sense can rise no higher than the limitations of its instrument the human individual. But thru this sense man seems to come nearer to the heart of the Infinite than thru any other power of the mind. We all have Intuition, or should have, differing in keenness as in all the other powers of the mind. Children have it in a very pronounced degree, but owing to our faulty educational methods the divine faculty is usually crushed out very early in life. That is the chief crime of our lifeless artificial system.”

## THE OPEN ROAD

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Now if man thru his Intuitive sense can come into realization of the deeper truths of life, grasp those eternal principles upon which life itself rests, is it unreasonable to raise the question why he may not also in the same way know the minor or mechanical facts of life as well when he learns to use his faculty and comes to trust it fully?

*[Continued in next Issue.]*

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## \*IN THE SWEAT SHOP.

By Morris Rosenfeld.

---

**T**HE machines in the shop roar so wildly that often I forget in the roar that I am; I am lost in the terrible tumult, my ego disappears, I am a machine. I work, and work without end; I am busy, and busy, and busy at all time. For what? and for whom? I know not, I ask not! How should a machine ever come to think?

There are no feelings, no thoughts, no reason; the bitter, bloody work kills the noblest, the most

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beautiful and best, the richest, the deepest, the highest, which life possesses. The seconds, minutes and hours fly; the nights, like the days, pass as swiftly as sails;—I drive the machine just as if I wished to catch them: I chase without avail, I chase without end.

The clock in the workshop does not rest; it keeps on pointing, and ticking, and waking in succession. A man once told me the meaning of its pointing and waking,—that there was a reason in it; as if through a dream I remember it all: the clock awakens life and sense in me, and something else—I forget what; ask me not I know not, I know not, I am a machine!

And at times, when I hear the clock, I understand quite differently its pointing, its language;—it seems as if the Unrest (pendulum) egged me on that I should work more, more, much more. In its sound I hear only the angry words of the boss; in the two hands I see only his gloomy look. The clock, I shudder—it seems to me it drives me and calls me “machine,” and cries out to me: “sew!”

Only when the wild tumult subsides, and the master is away for the midday hour, day begins to dawn in my head, and a pain passes through my heart; I feel my wound, and bitter tears, and

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boiling tears wet my meagre meal, my bread:  
it chokes me, I can eat no more, I cannot! O  
horrible toil! O bitter necessity!

The shop at the midday hour appears to me  
like a bloody battlefield where all are at rest:  
about me I see lying the dead, and the blood  
that has been spilled cries from the earth—A  
minute later—the tocsin is sounded, the dead  
arise, the battle is renewed. The corpses fight  
for strangers, for strangers! and they battle, and  
fall, and disappear into the night.

I look at the battlefield in bitter anger, in  
terror, with a feeling of revenge, with a hellish  
pain. The clock, now I hear it aright, it is calling:  
“An end to slavery, an end shall it be!” It vivi-  
fies my reason, my feelings, and shows how the  
hours fly; miserable I shall be as long as I am  
silent, lost—as long as I remain what I am.

The man that sleeps in me begins to waken—  
the slave that wakens in me is put to sleep. Now  
the right hour has come! An end to misery, an  
end let it be! But suddenly—the whistle, the boss,  
an alarm! I lose my reason, forget where I am;  
—there is a tumult, they battle, oh, my ego is  
lost!—I know not, I care not, I am a machine!

---

\*Songs from Ghetto, by Morris Rosenfeld.  
Copeland and Day, Boston.

## THE OPEN ROAD

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### WHITHER?

#### To a Girl

By Morris Rosenfeld

**W**HITHER, whither, pretty child? The world is not yet open! Oh, see, how quiet it is all around! 'Tis before daybreak, the streets are mute. Whither, whither do you hurry? 'Tis now good to sleep, and, do you see, the flowers are still a-dreaming; every bird's nest is still silent. Whither, pray, are you driven now? Whither do you hurry, tell me, and what to do?—"To earn a living!"

Whither, whither, pretty child, walking so late at night? Alone through the darkness and cold! And everything is at rest, the world is silent. Whither does the wind carry you? You will yet lose your way! Scarcely has day smiled on you, how can night help you? For it is mute, and deaf, and blind. Whither, whither with easy mind?—"To earn a living!"

---

Justice may be blind enough, but there's nothing the matter with her hearing. She knows the clink of a dollar in the dark.

—Bruce Calvert.

**THE OPEN ROAD**  

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**FELLOWSHIP FARMS**  
**DEPARTMENT.**

**Edited by George Elmer Littlefield.**

---

**NOTES FROM FELLOWSHIP FARM**  
**AT STELTON, N. J.**

**A**FFAIRS are moving along nicely at Stelton, N. J., forty miles out from New York City on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Active operations were not expected to begin before this spring as the purchase of the fine old Letson farm of 160 acres near Metuchen was not concluded until late last fall, and the tenant occupying the farm not required to give possession until April first this year.

Nevertheless with the characteristic energy which has thruout animated the New York group of farm and home seekers, a number of our enthusiasts impatient of delay and burning in their zeal to get back to the soil invaded the big old mansion of twenty rooms or more—which is to be the

## THE OPEN ROAD

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group's future hotel and phalansterie—and succeeding by their blandishments in inducing the farmer occupant to move out, they took possession bodily, and have been out here, eight families of us all winter.

It has been great fun I can tell you, yet not all fun either for we have really accomplished a great deal in the way of getting started as I shall enumerate in a moment. Of course the natives here laughed at us and predicted our hasty return to the city and steam heat with the first frost. But we've got the laugh on **them** now for not only did we remain all thru the winter but our tenderfoot members have been out at work every spare moment, and we have actually set the pace often as we worked side by side with our farmer friends. The women, bless them, upon whom usually falls the chief burdens of pioneering, have more than cheerfully done their part too. They have been tireless in their efforts and unfailing in their courage and inspiration.

## THE OPEN ROAD

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Not one of them would go back to N. Y.

One thing is demonstrated clearly. The fellowship farm project may fail from lack of knowledge as to soil problems or from the unwise action of its leaders, but it will never fail because of the inability or unwillingness of the members to work.

Altho most of us have had to hang onto our city jobs commuting back and forth, yet in our week ends and holidays we have managed to cut and store sixty tons of ice for next summer's use from the ice pond on our land; we have surveyed the farm and staked it off into acreages and allotments; laid out streets, and public grounds; and planned the irrigation system of pipe lines, sewers and so on for the community. In addition to all this we have installed a new water sytsem in the big house, and put in a new French range so as to be ready for early hotel guests in the spring, besides innumerable other things that took a lot of time and which had to be done.

## THE OPEN ROAD

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Altogether it has been a busy winter at Fellowship farm No. four. 'Three comrades have already started building their own cabins and more will be at it just as soon as the weather settles so that building operations can be carried on.

We have laid the foundation for our co-operative store by starting a little grocery and general supply shop with a \$200.00 stock. That's going some is'nt it? We're not bucking Sears Roebuck or John Wanamaker yet, but the germ of brotherly and comradely co-operation is here, and the possibilities for expansion are limitless.

We feel that our plans have been laid right and we are now about to begin our fight for independence and freedom on the soil close to blessed mother earth. Yes not only our fight but the battle for every poor wage slave toiling in the darkness and gloom without hope thruout this broad land of ours.

For if we, a group of untrained city wage

## THE OPEN ROAD

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workers, without any practical knowledge whatever of the soil or its cultivation, and without means save the pittance of daily wages we have toiled for, can make good here on this beautiful Fellowship Farm, and win our way to independence, enabling us to discharge our bosses and get back to the land with its full free life and health and sunshine and joy, banishing forever from our own and our children's lives that sickening fear of poverty and want and the scornful "charity" of the rich—if I say we can do all, or even a part of all these things—then we shall have contributed to the greatest moral and spiritual uplift this old world has enjoyed in many century. For what we can do other wage slaves can do and it is not difficult to foresee the fellowship farm idea spreading from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate.

Can we do it? I don't know. I think we can and will and so does every single member of our group of 150 fellowship farmers

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who will be out here now in a few weeks to begin their new lives. That's what we are here for—to prove whether we are right or wrong. We are looking ahead hopefully, we are resolved never to turn back, we shall do our best, and all we ask of the world is a friendly attitude and a suspension of judgment until we have an opportunity to show what we can do.

Now spring is in the very air. As I write this message which Comrade Calvert has so kindly offered to print in the OPEN ROAD—this second week in March—the robins are here with their glad songs of spring; the new green grass is peeping up under the hedge rows, and down there under the brown winter blanket of grasses and leaves we feel the impulse of mighty forces at work—forces eager and straining at the leash—forces that will soon burst into the glory of a new green clad earth! Now tell me who in his right mind would not say with me—Better one moment of this than a cycle

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of Broadway?

I think I hear Comrade Sunshine Littlefield coming. Business will soon be humming at Stelton. I don't know yet whether there will be any vacancies this spring or not. But I will be glad to send such literature as we have to all interested, and if any vacancies should occur those desiring it will be put upon our waiting list.

Robert Graham, Secretary, Stelton, N. J.  
Fellowship Farm Association.

---

## BRAIN AND BRAWN.

**W**HAT a suggestive title for a magazine!

Brain and brawn. Thot and labor. Working and thinking. Is there anything finer? We have only two classes of people in this world worthy of existence. They are the **workers** and **the workers and thinkers**. The workers are the foundation of our civilization. They can and must become thinkers, also, thus uniting the vitaliz-

## THE OPEN ROAD

---

ing power of that with joyful work which alone makes the perfect man.

With such a splendid title to work up to I am not at all surprised to find that my old friend Harry Ellington Brook, for many years a sound and helpful writer on health subjects, well known thruout the whole country for his work as editor of the Health Department of the Los Angeles Times, is in his new magazine BRAIN AND BRAWN published at Los Angeles, Cal., sending out some of the soundest, cleanest, most helpful and most readable literature on hygiene and right living to be found anywhere.

The march number before me is so full of good things that to enumerate them would be to reprint the entire table of contents. I would like all readers interested in health to dip into Harry Brook. No he isn't a doctor, he is better than a car load of M. D's. He is an educator. A health teacher, a hygienist.

## THE OPEN ROAD

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I think Harry Brook would mail any Open Roder a sample copy of BRAIN AND BRAWN if you sent him ten cents and mentioned my name. Try it. Its worth while.

---

THIS issue may be a trifle late, but what of that if the quality more than makes up for the delay? The editor has been pretty constantly on the Open Road for the past several months and affairs at Pigeon-Roost have been left entirely to Ananias Aunt Sapphira, good old faithful Billy and the pigeons. Not even the chief himself could have done better, probably not half as well had he been at home. Now at last the opportunity has come for a little more time on the 'Zinelet and we shall soon get caught up with the calendar on dates and make our monthly debut on schedule as usual.

# **SHORTER COURSE**

## **THE HARMONIC SCHOOL** **OF RATIONAL EDUCATION**

I have been asked to condense the Eighteen Lesson course on Right Living into six lectures which can be given in one week. I accordingly offer this new program:

1. Right Living--The New Gospel of Health.
2. Breathing. The Science, Philosophy and Practice.
3. Food Selection, Rational Dietary.
4. Sex Ethics. Eugenics.
5. Harmonics of Nature.
6. Rational Education.

Part or all of this series will be given anywhere on most reasonable terms. Dates now being made for the coming season.

**BRUCE CALVERT, Instructor.**

**Address—*Lecture Bureau.***

## **THE OPEN ROAD**

**GRIFFITH**

**(Lake County)**

**INDIANA**

**R. F. D. No. 1**

**Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods**

# The Open Road

## Philosophy of Joy and Religion of Right Living.

To do our full duty in life without shirking or  
repining, beginning with the task that lies  
nearest us.

To do our work sanely, sweetly and beautifully.

To look for and expect the best in our neighbors.

To live and encourage others by our example  
to live the right life of cleanliness and  
purity in body, thought and action.

To work and to think, to live, love, laugh and  
to play.

To which end we recognize the good in all systems  
and all religions. They are all ours.  
We take our own wherever we find it.  
But we belong to none. We permit no  
fences to be built around us.

*Would you add anything to this?*

*If not, are you with us?*

**One Dollar and a smile will let you in  
for a whole year.**

*Ananias is holding the gates ajar.*

# The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the  
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*Afoot and light-  
hearted I take to  
the open road,  
Healthy, free, the  
world before me,  
The long brown path  
before me leading  
wherever I choose.*

*— Old Walt*

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If none of the above are at hand, send on your subscription anyway and pay later. All we want is your promise to read the 'Zinelet, and pass it along to HIM or HER and remit as soon as possible.

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Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Griffith, Indiana, under act of March 3, 1879.

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## THE OPEN ROAD.

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The SOUL:

Forever and forever—longer than soil is brown and solid—  
longer than water ebbs and flows.

WALT WHITMAN

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AND  
BRAWN**  
A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY

DEVOTED  
TO THE  
NATURE  
CURE  
—  
THE  
EDUCATION  
OF THE  
PEOPLE  
—  
AND  
MEDICAL  
FREEDOM

HARRY  
ELLINGTON  
BROOK  
N.D.  
EDITOR

THE NATUROPATHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY  
LOS ANGELES — CALIFORNIA

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# *Harry Brook's Magazine*

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Popular  
Health  
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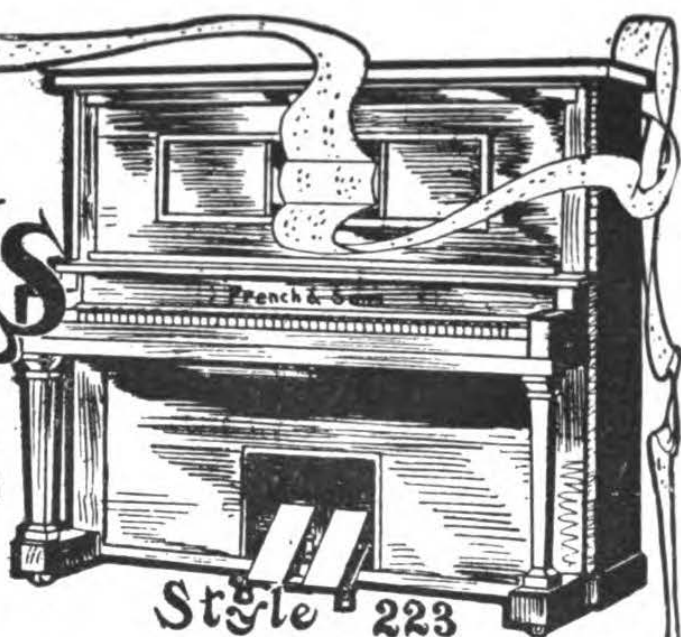
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**JESSE FRENCH & SONS PIANO CO.,**

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NEW CASTLE, IND.

# Dear Open Readers

We are again packing and shipping GERALDSON'S FIGS, and shall be very glad to supply you, as in the past. Our prices for the season will be the same as last:

|                                                         |        |
|---------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| 5 lbs. to any express office in U. S., prepaid for..... | \$1.00 |
| 5—28 oz. "cans" anywhere by express, charges collect    | 1.00   |
| 10 lbs. to any Wells Fargo office, prepaid.....         | 1.40   |
| 48 28-oz. "cans" 100 lbs. gross, any where in U. S.     |        |
| by freight prepaid .....                                | 12.50  |

In addition to GERALDSON'S FIGS we are now packing a nice line of other fruits in one pound paper "cans." We tried this line out in a crude way last season and found it very popular. These fruits go 24 one pound "cans" to the case, which we will ship either in straight cases or in assortments as follows:

|                                                    |        |
|----------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Prunes, straight cases .....                       | \$2.50 |
| Peaches, straight cases .....                      | 2.75   |
| Pears straight cases .....                         | 3.25   |
| Apricots, straight cases .....                     | 3.50   |
| Assortment, 6 each of above .....                  | 3.10   |
| Assortment, 4 each of above and 24 9-oz. figs..... | 4.00   |

All of these prices f.o.b. Winters, you to pay transportation, which will be at the rate of \$2.20 per 100 lbs. by FREIGHT to Eastern points when shipment exceeds 100 lbs., or between 3 and 6½ cts. per lb. by EXPRESS according to distance and number of companies involved.

|                                                 |         |
|-------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Straight cases of figs weight about .....       | 50 lbs. |
| Straight cases of other fruits weigh about..... | 32 lbs. |
| Assorted as above weigh about.....              | 40 lbs. |

In addition to the above we are offering a special express assortment of 1 "can" each of the peaches, pears, prunes and apricots, and 6-9-oz. "cans" of figs here, you to pay charges... 1.35

Or, to any Wells Fargo office in U. S. charges prepaid.. 1.35

Or, to any other express office in U. S..... 1.50

Order to-day. Money back Guarantee.

Yours truly,

GERALDSON FRUIT COMPANY.

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and the Scent of the Wild Roses in its Pages.

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# FOUNDATION FOOD FACTS

WALTER DE VOE

---

"A. W. McCann of New York, who was a co-laborer with Dr. Wiley in the pure food crusade, states:

" 'Statistics show that of twenty million children of school age in this country, fifteen million are defective in eyes, teeth, glands, bony structure, or otherwise. This is largely due to their being fed upon food substances from which the 12 minerals in the human body and necessary to renew that body have been removed. Chief among these 12 mineral elements are phosphorous, iron, magnesium, calcium and fluorine

" 'Common flour, rice, cornmeal and most breakfast cereals have been robbed of 75 per cent of their mineral elements, largely by being prepared to look "white and nice." Refined white sugar not only is robbed of minerals, but it destroys the iron in the blood, and as a food sweet cannot be compared to honey, the brown sugars and natural molasses. Fruits and vegetables in their season and eggs and milk should be staples, and there should be a demand for whole wheat and bread made of whole wheat.'

"Mr. McCANN would have children in school see two sets of chickens fed for a time, one set on natural grains, the other on polished rice, granulated cornmeal and other 'nice looking' things for which people pay high prices and get bad eyes, bad teeth, bad bones and bad stomachs."

NUTRIENT SALTS are prepared to supply the twelve building elements, the lack of which causes weakness and decay in human bodies.

Horses have strong teeth because they assimilate the teeth-making elements from bran, but experiments show that when healthy men eat whole wheat they do not assimilate these elements. How much less will invalids with weak nerves assimilate from whole grains the elements necessary to build healthy nerves and vigorous bodies.

Hundreds of letters that I have received from patients who have used NUTRIENT SALTS for several months, convince me that NUTRIENT SALTS provide the twelve mineral food elements in so refined a form that the weakest nature will absorb them, even before they leave the mouth.

While beneficial changes take place immediately with the use of NUTRIENT SALTS, marked results may not be noticed from their use until they have been taken steadily for several months, because weakened nerves and tissues, having lost their appetite for constructive elements, can be restored only by a very slow process; but as this method is natural and scientifically correct, the continual and persistent use of the twelve building elements in NUTRIENT SALTS will enable Life to build perfect nerves and tissues, and re-establish brain power and physical vigor.

Our method of preparing these twelve cell Salts is different from that of Dr. Schuessler, who was the discoverer of the principle. Cell salts are usually prepared from mineral matter in its inorganic form. NUTRIENT SALTS contain vitalized elements drawn from organic vegetable forms, and as these elements have passed through nature's vitalizing process, they are more easily assimilated by the nerves and tissues.

They should be used daily as an addition to the foods eaten until the body is restored to health, and then they can still be used to keep the body and mind vigorous and efficient.

Had those fifteen million school children been fed on NUTRIENT SALTS they would not have become defective in eyes, teeth, glands and bones, but would have had vigorous bodies and alert, active minds. Fewer idiots, criminals and failures would develop among them, because the proper feeding of the body insures a foundation for a positive capable mind, predisposed by its vigor to sane and healthy pursuits.

NUTRIENT SALTS are \$1.00 a month or \$5.00 for a supply for six months. Send 10c for further information and a copy of VITALITY.

WALTER DE VOE,  
2057 E. 69th Street, O. R.

Cleveland, Ohio.

## SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL OF CRITICISM.

Bruce Calvert, who doesn't mind being called the "Indiana Thoreau"—he lives in a hut he built in the woods near Griffith, post village of Lake county, Indiana, population about 300, and wears a brown hunter's suit and a red tie drooping from a soft collar that gives his throat plenty of freedom—spoke on "Rational Education" yesterday at the Ferrer School. He said the present school system was the "psychological crime of the centuries" because it forced a rigamarole upon the child instead of letting him sprout his own ideas—"a cursed, ironed out system that fills our heads with sawdust and cotton batting that pours into every one of us the same sort of predigested 'education' until in the eighth grade we are spilling over with it and standing in the slush."

Because of the rule of thumb education, it seemed, the human race had produced only half a dozen real thinkers in the last 1,000 years. If anybody in the audience thought he was thinking, Mr. Calvert bade him retire to a corner and scrutinize himself. "You'll find," said he, "that you're only looking wise and tuning your fiddle to the racket around you."

NEW YORK SUN.

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One of Bruce Calvert's convictions is that the present school system turns out every one alike. It is obvious that this naturalist has succeeded in breaking the rule, for he appeared yesterday in Rocky Mountain climbing shoes, a brown hunting jacket, and shirt to match. A red bow tie completed the unusual costume. "Nature never creates from the same mold twice," he said. "Why should the school system turn out pupils all exactly alike as shoe pegs. I don't want to live in a world of people all exactly like myself. You'll agree that one like me is enough. Give to every one according to his needs."

NEW YORK TIMES.

---

"The address of Bruce Calvert, sometimes called the "Thoreau of Indiana" delivered at the Ferrer School No. 104 East 12th Street, in behalf of the "rational educational system" is being generally discussed today in educational circles. Mr. Calvert made some caustic remarks about the school system in New York City." "The most important thing in the world is education," he said. "But, alas! we have an absurd, inhuman, barbaric system of education that takes the individual out of natural life and transports him into an artificial system. Really, the poor child which is thus shoved out to make a living with no adequate preparation deserves a pension."

NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL.

# SHORTER COURSE

## THE HARMONIC SCHOOL OF RATIONAL EDUCATION

I have been asked to condense the Eighteen Lesson course on Right Living into six lectures which can be given in one week. I accordingly offer this new program:

1. Right Living--The New Gospel of Health.
2. Breathing. The Science, Philosophy and Practice.
3. Food Selection, Rational Dietary.
4. Sex Ethics, Eugenics.
5. Harmonics of Nature.
6. Rational Education.

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BRUCE CALVERT, Instructor.

Address—*Lecture Bureau*

### THE OPEN ROAD

GRIFFITH

(Lake County)

INDIANA

R. F. D. No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods



YOU say that when you become rich, you will devote your wealth to great reforms and noble purposes. But the chances are that you will not, for in the process of getting rich, you will lose your ideals and human betterment will have no meaning for you.

BRUCE CALVERT.

*WMB*